ALL NEW COMICS! NO REPRINTS!

TIM CORRIGAN'S SUPERHERO COMICS

RETAIL PRICE $1.00 $1.20 BY MAIL

APRIL-MAY NO. 4

FANDOMS ONLY FORUM FOR AMATEUR COMICBOOK WRITERS AND ARTISTS !!

(c) 1975 BY: TIM CORRIGAN

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

THE MESSENGER by: JERRY ORDWAY

TITANUS! by: JAIME CRUZ JR. and JOHN CAMILLERI

WARWOLF by: LLOYD WATSON

the WONDER WARLOCK by: BYRON BREWER

the HALLWAY! by: W.M. PATTERSON

TURUUL of the STARS by: DALE BEACH

PLUS A BRAND NEW ELASTICWORM STORY !!

THIS ISSUE HAS IT ALL !!!!!

FEATURING:

"THE SECRET OF FARDAK!!"

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GENERAL INFORMATION

Circulation: 400 and growing.
Subscriptions: 6 issues for $3.60
12 issues for $7.20

Ad rates and Deadlines:
The sizes indicated below are the sizes your ad must be sent in. They will be reduced to about 2/3 their original sizes. No FULL pages are available.
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Issues of TCSC are mailed out on the first day of February, April, June, August, October, and December. Ads must be in by the 25th day of the previous month. If they arrive later than the 25th, they will, without exception, be run in the next issue of TCSC.

Contributions:
TCSC is currently paying $1.00 per page for FINISHED material that it can use. FINISHED means it must be completely inked, lettered, everything. Ready to go to press. Pages must be in Black & White and on 11"x17" or 7"x11" paper or posterboard. We encourage the larger size. ALL CONTRIBUTORS MUST INCLUDE RETURN POSTAGE!!! Authors whose work is accepted for publication in TCSC will be re-imbursed their shipping costs besides the $1.00 per page pay rate.

Policy regarding contents:
Comics submitted for publication must contain no unexceptable political, religious, or racial slurs.

Quantity discount rates to Dealers:
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Orders of between 10-20 copies are 33¢ per copy.
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Orders of more than 100 copies are 25¢ per copy.

***SPECIAL NOTICE* This issue of TCSC (#4) is a Giant Double-Edition. All discount rates described above are TWICE what they would ordinarilly be.**

All stated policies are based on current cost and circulation figures and are subject to change.

If you enjoyed this comic, you will be interested in these other comics:

TIM CORRIGANS SUPERHERO COMICS #1	60¢
TIM CORRIGANS SUPERHERO COMICS #2	60¢
ELASTICWORM #1	35¢
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Send all orders, inquiries, contributions, & subscriptions to:

TIM CORRIGANS SUPERHERO COMICS
94 MacArthur Road
Rochester, New York 14615

Be sure to include a return address!!!!!!!!!

ASSORTED EARTH-SHAKING ANNOUNCEMENTS, EXPLANATIONS, AND BAFFLEGAB FROM THE EDITOR!

Hi folks! I haven't got much room for small talk this issue, I'd better get right down to brass tacks...

●Don't miss THE BUYERS GUIDE TO COMIC FANDOM #82, it features a cover by yours truly! A giant 11"x17" poster of DR. STRANGE fighting M.R. LYXYZPTLKX - for you bozo's that thought I could'nt draw nothin' but worms!!

●I hope you like this giant double-edition, I'm rather proud of it myself. There's a good reason for it ya'know! I understand postage rates will be going up to 13¢, so I wanted to get out the maximum amount of work before that happens. Also, contributions have been pouring in, and I just had to clear the backlog! Next issue we'll be back to our regular 32 pg. format.

●Regarding that postage rate increase..I will have to pass that added cost on to you, the readers, or cut back the number of pages in TCSC. I don't want to do eather of these, but I don't know what else to do. We'll take a vote on it-I want all subscribers to write in, wnat do you want, A higher cover price or fewer pages? (what a choice! Eeech!)

●BROTHER SUN & SISTER MOON #1 has been cancelled, however the story that would have appeared in that issue will appear in a future issue of TCSC! Wait'll you see it!!

●I plan on going pro one of these days, but before I do that I need more experience, I especially need experience in adapting other people scripts into visuals. So, I will be excepting text material,comic scripts, that I will illustrate for future issues of TCSC. Please:I will not be able to illustrate all the scripts I expect to recieve, so please include return postage.

●ELASTICWORM #1 is still available FREE to all 12-issue subscribers to TCSC! What are ya' waiting for? It's a classy little comic.

●Issues #1,2, and 3 of TCSC are still available for 60¢ each, but they won't be for long!

●Contributions this issue cane from: Jerry Ordway, Jaime Cruz Jr.,John Cammilleri, Lloyd Watson, Byron Brewer, W.E.Patterson, and Dale Beach. If you'd like to let these people know how you feel about their work, their addresses appear on the first page of their strips.

●All the votes are in on the great "Text material controversy", and the nay's have it. TCSC will be dedicated entirely to comic art and comic strips-no text!

●Notice to subscribers: This issue of TCSC counts as 2 issues on your subscription. It is unlikely that there will be anymore of these giant double-editions, as after issue #5, people subscriptions will begin to expire at different times. Next time a backlog of material developes, I'll just go monthly!

● It seems some of the amateurs who were going to send in comic strips to TCSC have since discovered they do not have the patience to follow through or, other responsibilities prevent them from finishing their work! So.. you folks who might have been discouraged thinking there were 30 people in line before you, don't worry about it. Get to work and send your pages in as soon as you can. There are 30 people working out there somewhere,but heaven only knows when they'll be done.

●That's about it-keep those cards & letters coming in! See you all June 1st! Peace.

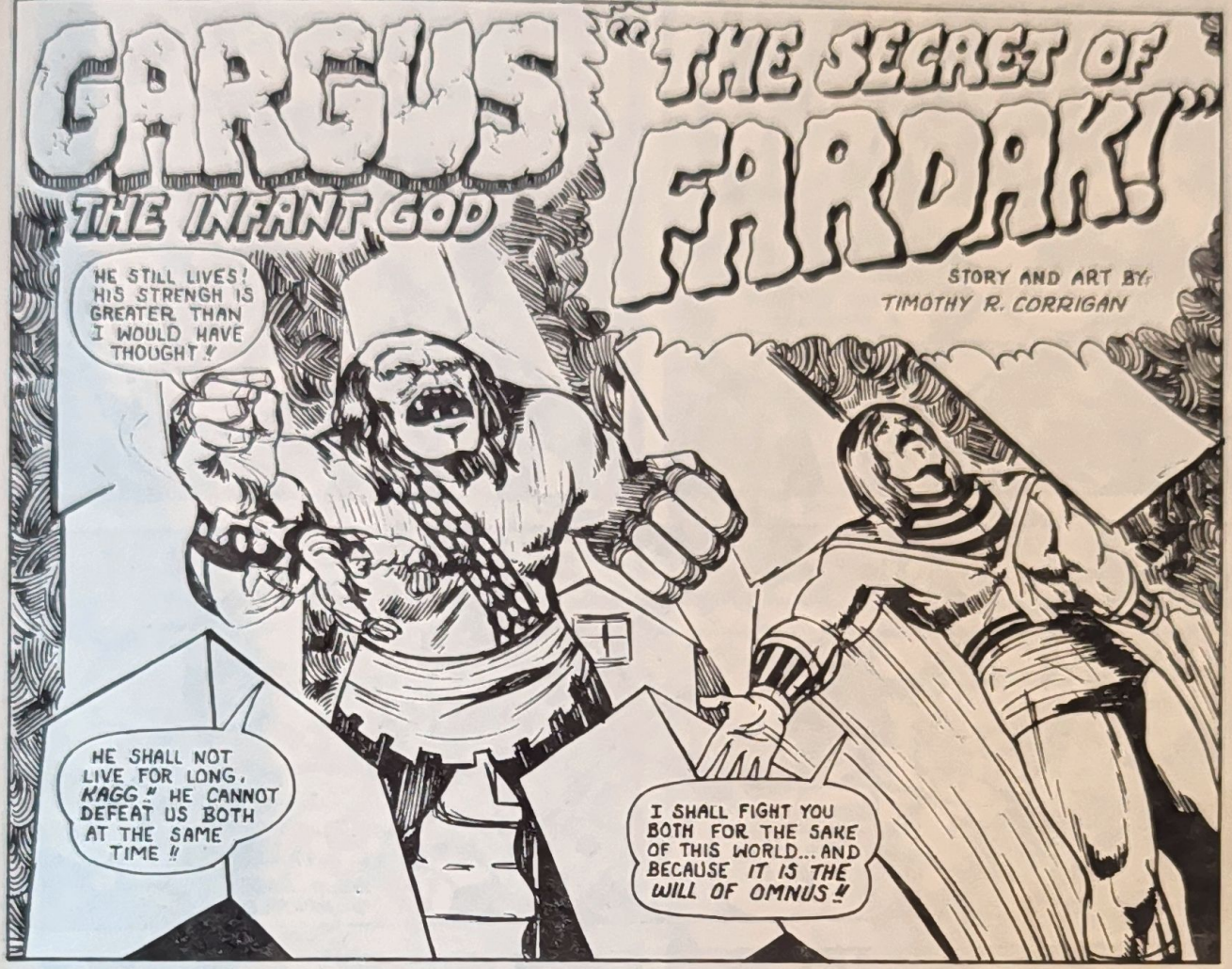
Timothy R. Corrigan

1.00

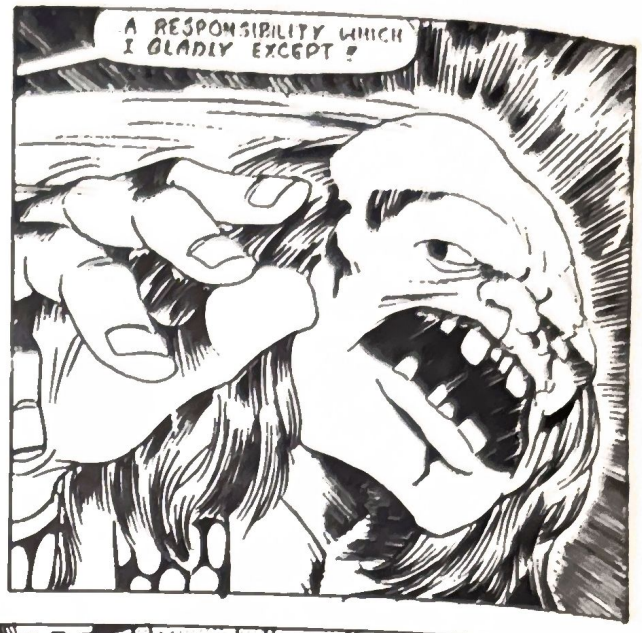
GARGUS THE INFANT GOD

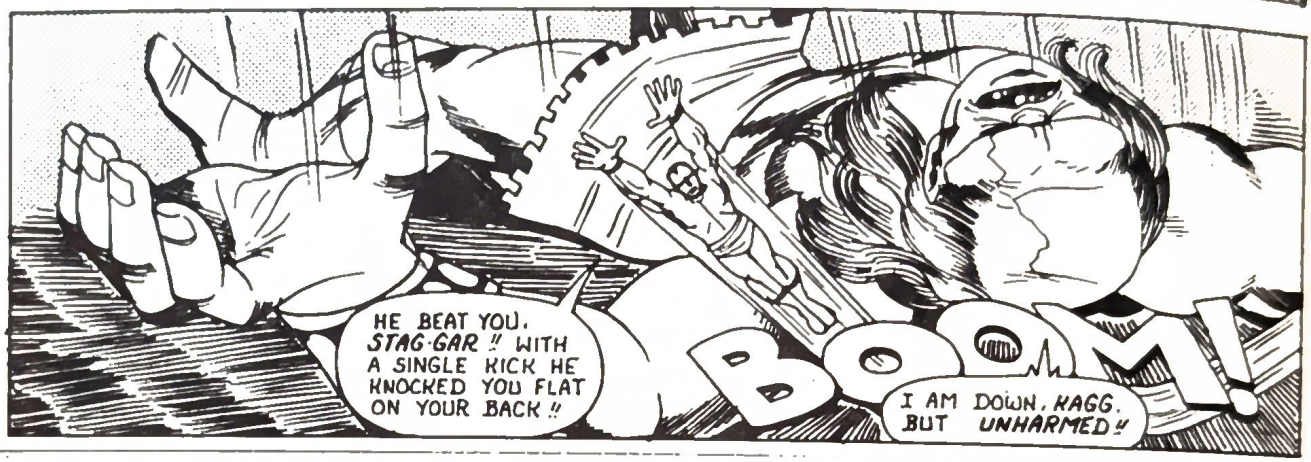
"THE SECRET OF FARDAK!"

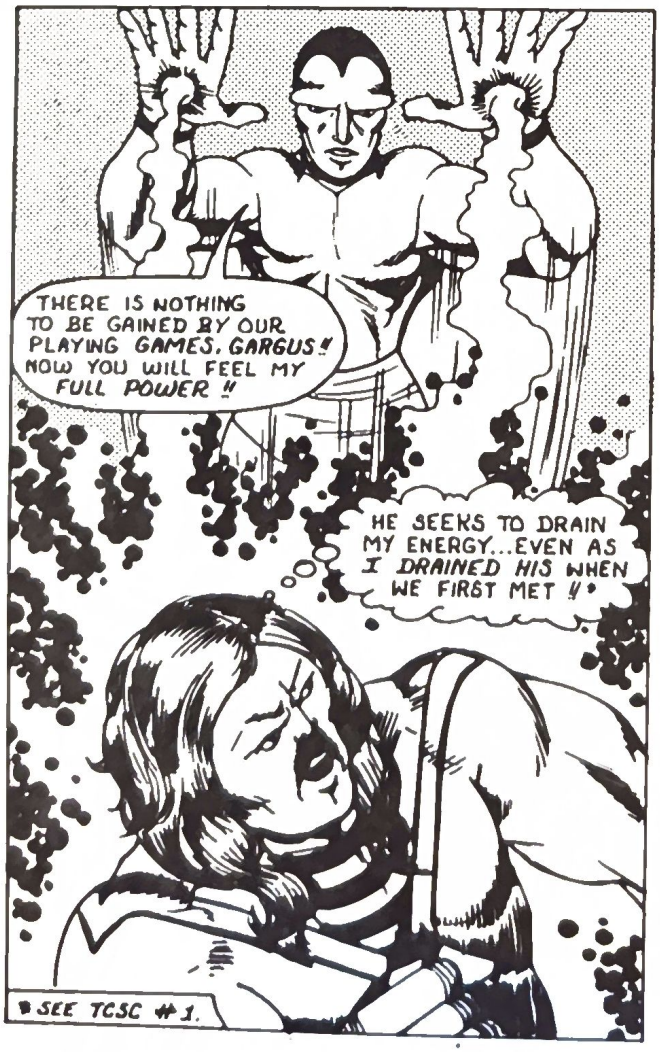
STORY AND ART BY:
TIMOTHY R. CORRIGAN



IT WOULD [illegible] ME TO TREAT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING THE WAY I TREAT YOU, STAG-GAR, BUT YOU ARE LESS THAN HUMAN...
WAK!
...YOU ARE BUT A MINDLESS DEMON IN NEED OF DISCIPLINE !!


A RESPONSIBILITY WHICH I GLADLY EXCEPT !!


HE BEAT YOU, STAG-GAR !! WITH A SINGLE KICK HE KNOCKED YOU FLAT ON YOUR BACK !!
BOOM!
I AM DOWN, KAGG, BUT UNHARMED !!


THERE IS NOTHING TO BE GAINED BY OUR PLAYING GAMES, GARGUS ! NOW YOU WILL FEEL MY FULL POWER !!
HE SEEKS TO DRAIN MY ENERGY...EVEN AS I DRAINED HIS WHEN WE FIRST MET !!
SEE TCSC #1.

GREAT OMNUS !! MY STRENGH FADES.... MY THOUGHTS CLOWD... I DID NOT THINK KAGG HAD SUCH POWER... I MUST... FIGHT B-BACK !!
HA! HA! HA !! YOU SEEM SUPRISED, GARGUS !!

I AM NEARLY HELPLESS !!
HOLD HIM, HAGG !! I WILL CRUSH HIS VERY BONES !!
MY NERVOUS SYSTEM... IT DOES NOT RESPOND... S-STAG-GAR IS REACHING FOR ME...
HOW I'VE LONGED FOR THIS MOMENT. GARGUS !!
I AM CAUGHT !! MY BODY WILL NOT FIGHT !!
ONLY MY MIND REMAINS FUNCTIONAL !!
OMNUS !! HELP ME !!
NOW YOU WILL FACE YOUR DEATH, GARGUS !! WHERE IS YOUR POWER NOW !! WHERE IS YOUR OMNUS !!
PROBE THE HEAVENS WITH YOUR MIND, GARGUS !! WHY IS OMNUS NOT HELPING YOU ?!! WHERE IS YOUR SHIP ?!!
IT IS GONE !! YOU HAVE BEEN DESERTED !!
NO !! IT IS A LIE !!
WHA... OMNUS IS GONE !! THE SHIP... IS G-GONE....
JUST AS I SAID, DOLT !! OMNUS HAS LEFT YOU TO DIE !! A HUMAN DECOY... A LIVING SACRIFICE TO THE POWER OF FARDAK !!
NO !! IT CANNOT... IT MUST NOT BE SO.... AHHGGGHHH !!
WITH THE TRUTH COMES DARKNESS !! HA! HA !!

AS UNCONSCIOUSNESS CLAIMS GARGUS, A STRANGE CHANGE COMES OVER STAG-GAR AND HAGG....
IT IS DONE ! EVERYTHING WENT EXACTLY AS PLANNED !
RETURN TO THE SHIP, AND CONFER WITH OMNUS !! I WILL ARRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES HERE SO THAT WHEN GARGUS AWAKENS, HIS DECISIONS WILL BE MADE FOR HIM !!

HAGG... IN CONFERENCE WITH OMNUS ?! IS THIS POSSIBLE ?! WHAT IS GOING ON HERE ANYWAY ?!
BY THE WAY, HAGG, YOUR PERFORMANCE WAS EXCELLENT ! SOON GARGUS WILL UNDERSTAND AND APPRECIATE THE QUALITY OF IT !!
HA! HA!... AND HOW GRATIFYING THAT WILL BE, EH, BROTHER ?!!
BUT NOW SET THE STAGE, I WILL BE WITH YOU SOON !

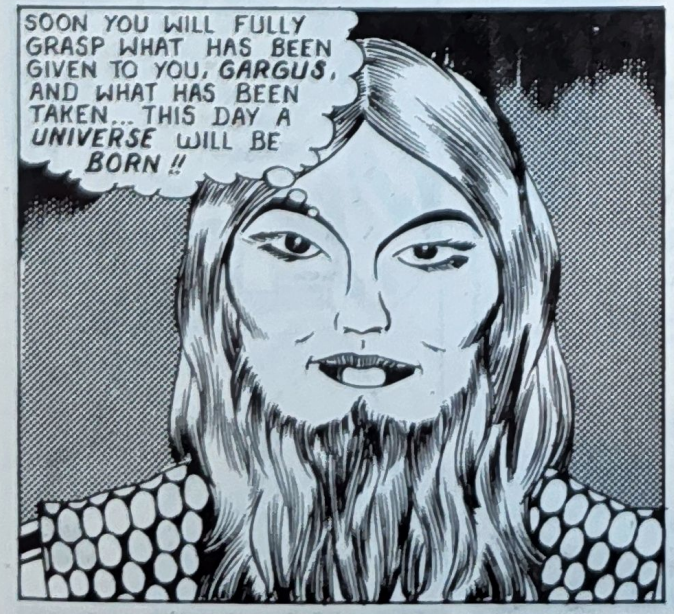
...WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD, HIDDEN FROM PROBING MINDS....
I HAVE DREADED THIS MOMENT, AND YET, IT IS A TIME OF GREAT JOY !! EVERY BEING MUST SOME DAY LEAVE BEHIND THE VALUES OF YOUTH....
..AND ASSUME THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF ADULTHOOD !!

SO MANY OF THE EARTHLINGS NEVER REACH TRUE ADULTHOOD.. TRUE MATURITY. TRUE FULLFILLMENT !! EVEN IN THEIR OLD AGE THEY UNCONSCIOUSLY STRUGGLE TO MEET THE NEEDS OF THEIR PARENTS....
THUS, IS THE NEROSIS PROPAGATED !!
IT SHALL NOT BE SO WITH YOUNG GARGUS !! I HAVE BROUGHT HIM THIS FAR...I WOULD NEVER DESERT HIM NOW !!
HE, HOWEVER MUST THINK OTHERWISE !!

SUDDENLY KAGG APPEARS IN THE CHAMBER...
KAGG! ALL GOES WELL, I ASSUME!! MY CHILD HAS NOT SUFFERED UNNECESSARILY HAS HE?! HE MUST SUSTAIN NO INJURY TO THE BODY!!
ONLY HIS PRIDE HAS BEEN BROKEN... AND HIS FAITH IN YOU IS IN DISCORD!!

DO NOT FALTER, GREAT OMNUS!! WE KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE!! YOUR LOVE WILL NOT BE CAST BEFORE SWINE!... BE STRONG... NOW MORE THAN EVER!!
YOU ARE WISE, KAGG!! SOON GARGUS WILL AWAKE!!

A SHORT TIME PASSES ABOARD THE GREAT SOUL-SHIP OF OMNUS.....
THE PROPS ARE READY, I MUST RETURN TO EARTH!!
I WILL BE READY TO STEP IN AT THE RIGHT MOMENT.... I WILL HEAR HIS CRIES... EVEN HERE!!


SOON YOU WILL FULLY GRASP WHAT HAS BEEN GIVEN TO YOU, GARGUS, AND WHAT HAS BEEN TAKEN... THIS DAY A UNIVERSE WILL BE BORN!!

MOMENTS LATER ON EARTH....
ALL IS READY... EVEN NOW HE STIRS...
BEGIN!! HERE IS YOUR WEAPON!!

WITH GARGUS SO NEAR DEATH, NOTHING CAN PREVENT US FROM BLASTING OMNIUS' SHIP OUT OF THE HEAVENS! FARDAN WILL BE VICTORIOUS! THE EARTH WILL BE OURS!
WITH THIS DISRUPTOR, I WILL SPREAD DEATH ACROSS THE FACE OF THIS WORLD! FARDAN WILL HAVE LITTLE USE FOR THESE FOOLS!
I NEED ONLY MAKE A FEW MINOR ADJUSTMENTS
I HAVE COME TO MY SENSES NONE TO SOON! THEY SEEM TO THINK MY INJURIES ARE MORE SERIOUS THAN THEY ARE... MUST GATHER MY STRENGTH QUICKLY!
EVERYTHING IS PREPARED, STAG-GAR? DESTROY OMNIUS AT WILL!
I CANNOT LET KAGG DESTROY SO MANY EARTHLINGS! I MUST DO SOMETHING! BUT WHAT?
POOR GARGUS IS TORN WITH INDECISION... BUT THE DECISION WAS MADE FOR HIM CENTURIES AGO! HE WILL PROTECT THOSE HE WAS TAUGHT ARE HIS OWN!
STOP!! DON'T DO THIS THING!!
IN A FLASH, GARGUS IS UPON KAGG... AS STAG-GAR FIRES HIS WEAPON INTO SPACE...
FIENDS!! DEMONS!! FILTH!!
YOU MAY HAVE STOPPED ME, GARGUS. BUT STAG-GAR HAS JUST KILLED OMNIUS!
WITH THE REALIZATION THAT KAGG'S WORDS ARE TRUTH... GARGUS FORGETS THE BATTLE AT HAND, AND LIKE A STRICKEN MAN... FALLS TO HIS KNEES...
...I'M SORRY... SO SORRY

GARGUS CANNOT SEE THE TEARS IN THE EYES OF HIS "ENEMIES"....THIS IS THE HARD PART...THE PART WHICH BREAKS ALL HEARTS....

I LOVED HIM SO.... HE WAS *EVERYTHING!!* I COULD HAVE SAVED HIM...INSTEAD OF THE EARTHLINGS... I *DIDN'T*.... MY FAULT... MY FAULT....

THE LOVE, THE HATE, THE FEAR, FRUSTRATION, GRIEF, INDECISION, BUILD WITHIN GARGUS....HIS BODY TREMBLES WITH EMOTION....AND THEN COMES..... *THE SCREAM!!*

AHHHHHHH

THE SOUND OF IT RESOUNDS AROUND THE WORLD.... A PITIFUL CRY ...A CRY THAT BRINGS TEARS EVEN TO THE *GODS*....

I'M COMING...I AM YOUR SONG...I'LL NOT LET YOU DOWN NOW!!

AAAHHHHHHHHHH!

ON EARTH, THE FURY *POARS* FROM THE EYES AND THROAT OF YOUNG *GARGUS*... THE LOSS HAS BEEN INCREDIBLE...DEEP DOWN WITHIN HIS MIND A *CHILD STIRS*.... THAT TINY INFANT OF LONG AGO...THAT WAS ALWAYS MADE COMFORTABLE..WAS ALWAYS *SECURE*... AND IS NOW... *ALONE!!*....

AND AGAIN COMES....*THE SCREAM!!*

FREE FROM HIS CHAINS, THE CHILD LOOKS AROUND..AS IF BORN AGAIN..HE TO, LIKE THE BEING WHO HOUSES HIM, IS *ALONE*.." HE SEES WITHIN HIMSELF ANOTHER BEING..*ALSO* ALONE... AND HIS SIGHT GOES STILL FURTHER BACK.... BEINGS WITHIN BEINGS...TO THE BEGINNING OF TIME.....

THE DESPERATION OF A THING INSANE FROM ITS TO DEPEND UPON GARGUS.. THEN, COMES THE SONG..SOFT AND CONSTANT" HE HEARS AND LOOKS TO SEE FROM WHENCE IT COMES... AND HE SEES ...

...OMNUS!! YOU ARE *HERE*?!..... WITH ME?!

ALWAYS, GARGUS, ...*ALWAYS*!!

SOULS TOUCH AND THE HEAVENS REJOICE....

YOU ARE THE SONG...YOUR MELODY GUIDES ME INTO THE LIGHT...YOU!!..IT HAS *ALWAYS* BEEN YOU...THE *WORDS*...THE *LOVE*...THE *COMMUNICATION*!!

I AM WITH YOU!! NOW AND FOREVER!! WE ARE ONE!! YOU ARE NO LESS GOD THAN *I*!!

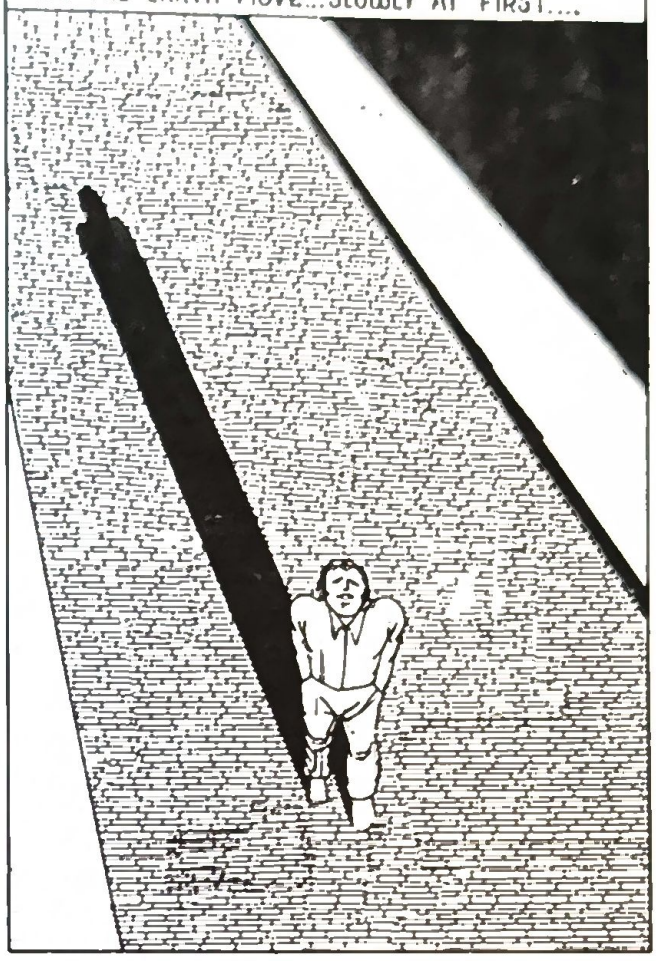
AND TRUE TO THE WISE WORDS OF *OMNUS*.. *A UNIVERSE WAS BORN THIS DAY*!!

end

EPILOGUE

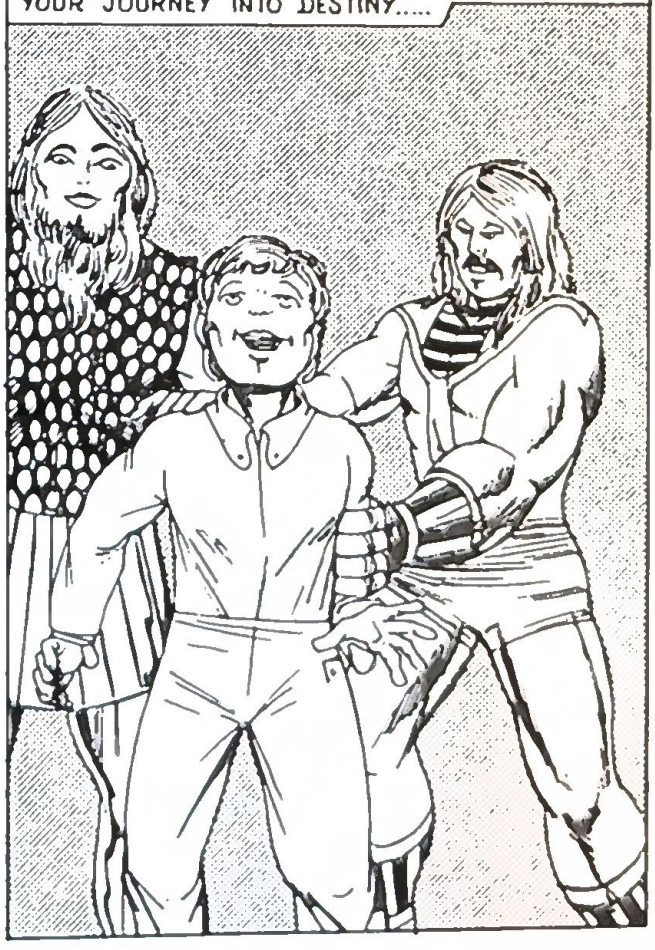
SOMETIME WHEN YOU ARE ALONE, PERHAPS AT ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS WHEN IT SEEMS THE WORLD ITSELF IS OUT TO THWART YOUR PLANS... LOOK TO THE STARS... LOOK LONG AND HARD....

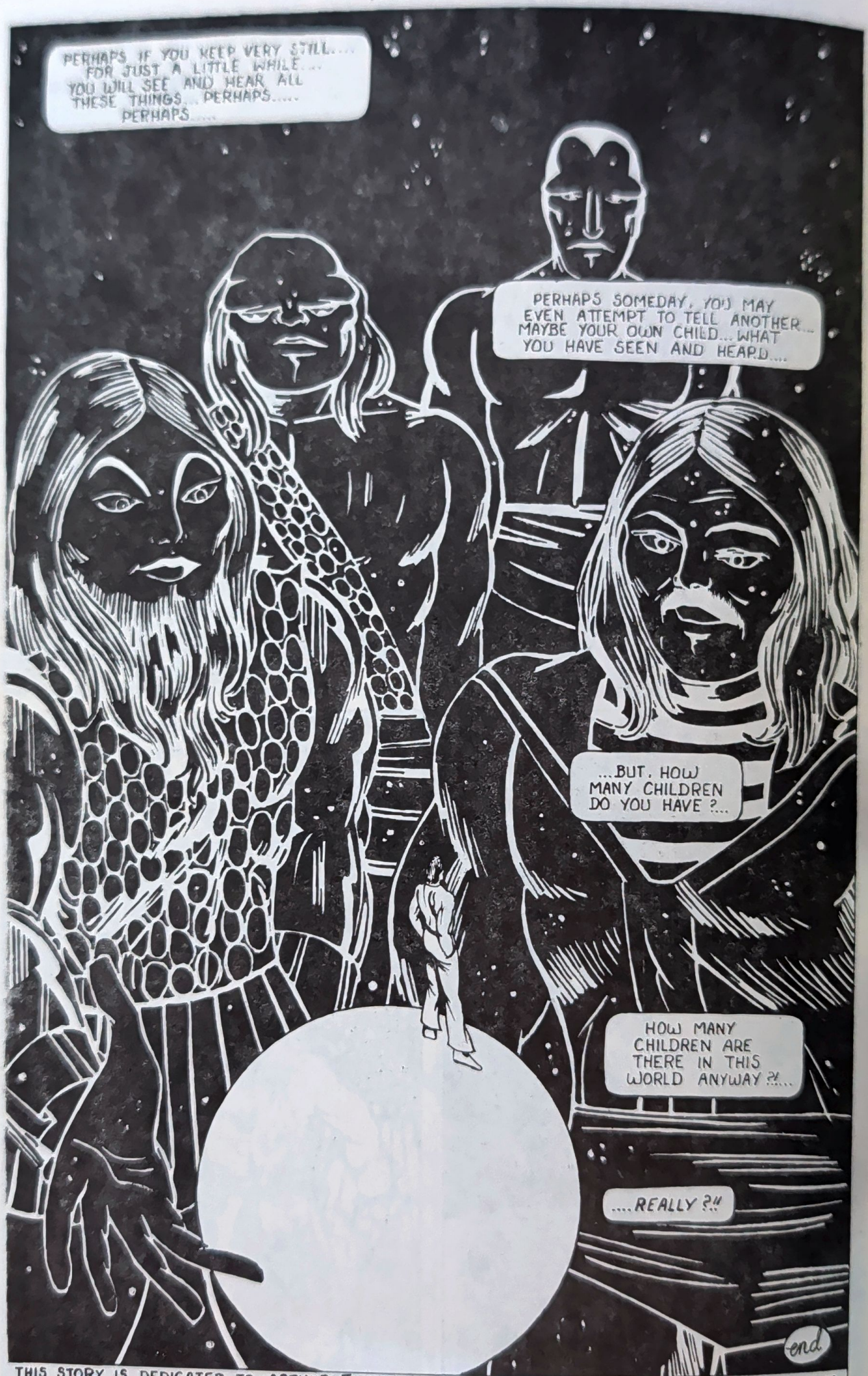
IF YOU LOOK LONG ENOUGH, THEY WILL BEGIN TO MOVE... IF YOU MAKE YOUR MIND VERY QUIET... YOU WILL FEEL THEIR PRESENCE... YOU MAY EVEN FEEL THE EARTH MOVE... SLOWLY AT FIRST....



THEN IT WILL PICK UP SPEED... IT MAY BE AS IF YOU ARE SAILING IN A GREAT GALACTIC SHIP... ..WHERE TIME LOSES MEANING... WHERE YOU ARE CARED FOR... AND LED FAITHFULLY FROM ADVENTURE TO ADVENTURE....

....YOU MAY EVEN HEAR THE SONG OF THE SKIES ..THE IMMENSE HARMONY OF ORDER... PERHAPS YOU MAY "PRETEND" THERE ARE GREAT AND FACINATING FRIENDS ABOARD WITH YOU... ON YOUR JOURNEY INTO DESTINY.....

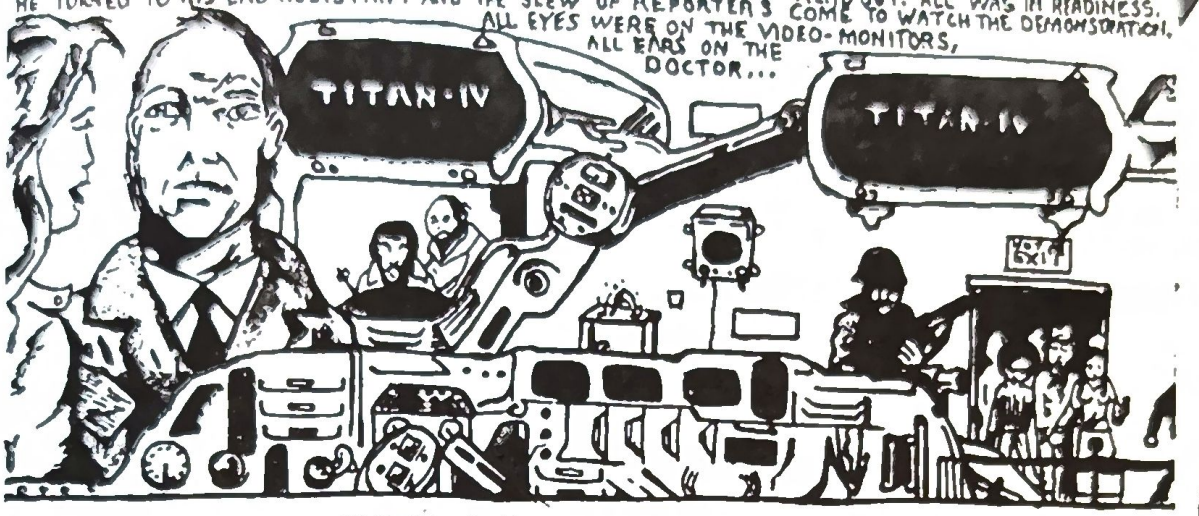




THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO *ARTHUR JANOV*, AUTHOR OF, "*THE PRIMAL SCREAM*", AND WITH THANKS TO *THE MOODY BLUES* FOR THEIR ALBUM, "*EVERY GOOD BOY DESERVES FAVOUR*" — PEACE / TIM

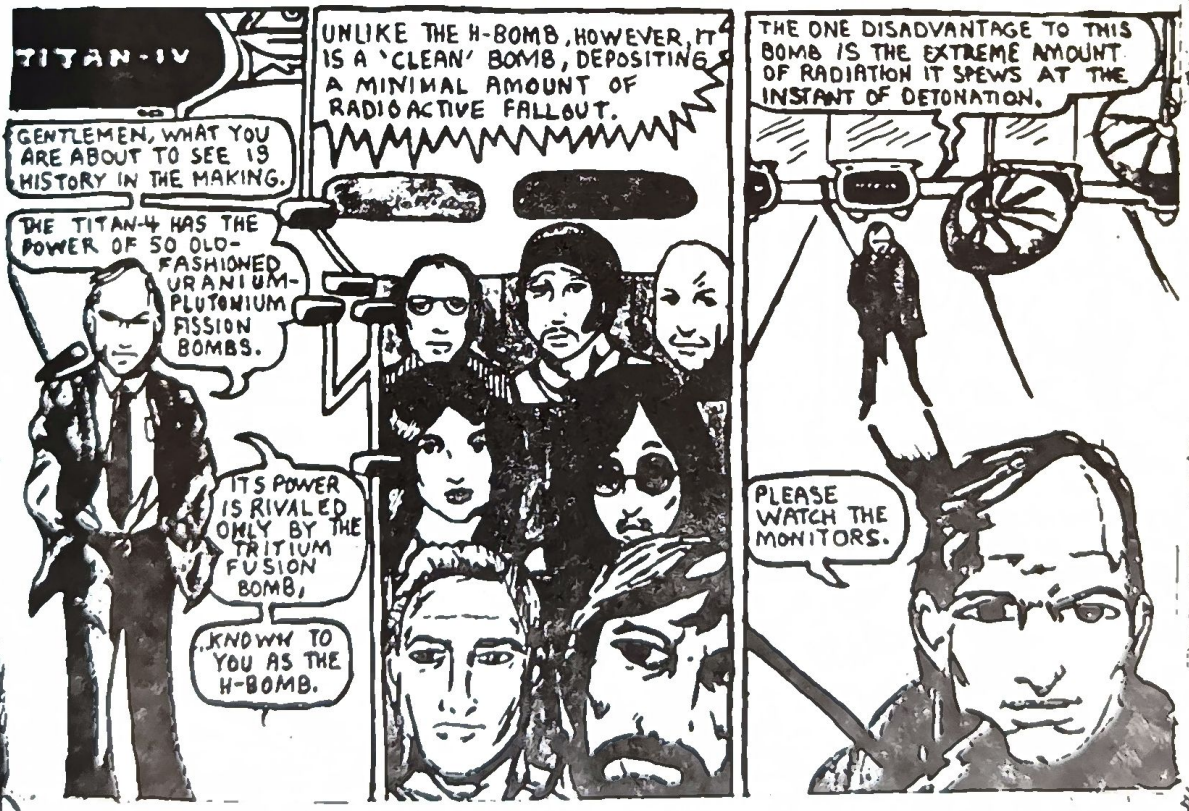
John Camilleri; 1535 Ferdinand, Detroit, MA. 48209

THE FINAL TESTS WERE MADE. TITAN-4, THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL COBOLT BOMB WAS SET TO GO OFF ON A TINY ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC. AT THE ATOMIC RESEARCH CENTER IN HAWAII, DR. ALFRED WEINER LOOKED OVER THE COMPUTER READ OUT. ALL WAS IN READINESS. HE TURNED TO HIS LAB ASSISTANT AND THE SLEW OF REPORTERS COME TO WATCH THE DEMONSTRATION. ALL EYES WERE ON THE VIDEO-MONITORS, ALL EARS ON THE DOCTOR...



:TITANUS!:

:JAIME A. CRUZ JR. ... JOHN CAMILLERI:



THE LAST REMARK WAS ALMOST RHETORICAL, FOR ALL EYES WERE FASTENED ON THEM.

THE COUNTDOWN TICKED OFF SMOOTHLY. T MINUS 5... 4... 3... 2... 1... 0...

DETONATION! THE SCREEN TURNED CRIMSON WITH HELLISH LIGHT. ONE FLARE FOLLOWED ANOTHER AS PLASMA WAS SPIT FROM THE AWESOME INFERNO.

LIKE VULTURES OVER A CARCASS, HELICOPTER REPORTERS FLEW OVER WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE TINY ISLAND, NOW NO MORE THAN A BLACKENED ROCK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN. AERIAL SHOTS OF THE DEAD LAND SHOWED IT TO RESEMBLE, SOMEWHAT, A LARGE DOUGHNUT.

WILD

WILD

THIS IS JOHN ARNOLD OF WILD HONOLULU TELEVISION, WHAT WAS ONCE A PARADISE IS NOW ANOTHER SCAR IN THE EARTH DUE TO MAN'S CONSISTENT FIRING OF NUCLEAR ARMS.

THIS PLACE, WE HOPE, WILL BE THE LAST SUCH LOCALE SUBJECTED TO SUCH A TEST.

WHAT WAS ONCE AN EDEN IS NOW ANOTHER DUSTBOWL. THEY SAY IT'S ENDED, BUT HAS IT? BACK TO OUR STATION IN HONOLULU.

WILD

WHAT THE REPORTERS COULDN'T SEE, AND WHAT DR. WEINER'S MONITOR COULD NOT RECORD, WAS THE MIRACLE THAT HAD TAKEN PLACE ON THE OUTER FRINGES OF THE ISLAND AT THE EXACT INSTANT OF DETONATION. TWO LOWLY CREATURES, AN EARTHWORM, AND A CATERPILLAR, WERE, AT A CHANCE MEETING, WASHED OVER BY THE "EXTREME AMOUNT OF RADIATION" THE TITAN-4 GENERATED.

WHAT OCCURED NEXT ALMOST DEFIES SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION. THE CELLULAR STRUCTURE OF THE CREATURES WAS TRANSMUTED INTO SOMETHING MORE THAN LIVING TISSUE. THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLOSION BOUNCED THEM TOGETHER TO FORM A NATURAL, OR MAYBE, SYNTHETIC, CLONE. TOGETHER THEY GLOWED AND GREW SLIGHTLY LARGER THAN THE COMBINED SIZE OF EACH, AND TOGETHER, THE TWO CREATURES, NOW ONE, CURLED AND RELAXED AS A WAVE OF MOLTEN ROCK COVERED THEIR NEW FORM.

SIX MONTHS PASS...

THIS IS JOHN ARNOLD OF WILD HONOLULU TELEVISION. IF ANY OF YOU OUT THERE HAVE BEEN READING NEWSPAPERS OR LISTENING TO THIS BROADCASTER, YOU'LL KNOW THAT RECENTLY, A RASH OF UNEXPLAINED EARTH TREMORS HAVE TAKEN PLACE ON THAT TINY ISLAND THE TITAN-4 COBALT BOMB WAS TESTED ON NO MORE THAN SIX MONTHS AGO.

WILD

THE ISLAND APPEARS NORMAL, BUT...WAIT A MINUTE, ON THE SOUTHEASTERN TIP OF THE ISLAND THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME DISTURBANCE.

WILD

THAT, AS YOU CAN SEE, SEEMS TO BE THE SOURCE OF THESE TREMORS. WE WILL SWITCH YOU TO OUR STATION IN HONOLULU FOR A DISCUSSION WITH PROFESSOR ROBERT VON BARTHELD A GEOLOGIST OF INTERNATIONAL RENOWN.

PROFESSOR?

THANK YOU, JOHN. THERE SEEMS TO BE NO LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THE OCCURANCES ON THE NEWLY DUBBED 'TITAN ISLAND.' OF COURSE, DR. WEINER'S BOMB MIGHT HAVE WEAKENED A FAULT IN THE GROUND...

THIS WEAKENING, ALTHOUGH INSIGNIFICANT AT THE TIME, HAS MANIFESTED ITSELF WITH THE MOVEMENT OF THE EARTH AND ITS GRAVITATIONAL FIELD TO THE POINT WHERE IT..

FORGIVE ME FOR INTERRUPTING YOU AT THIS TIME, PROFESSOR, BUT SOMETHING UNUSUAL IS HAPPENING HERE.

PROF. ROBERT VON BARTHELD GEOLOGIST

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING FORCING ITS WAY OUT OF THE GROUND, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, BECAUSE AS YOU AND OUR VIEWERS CAN SEE, THE CRACKING AREA IS BEGINNING TO RISE IN THE CENTER.

IS THERE ANY EXPLANATION FOR THIS?

RUMBLE

SEVERAL, JOHN, BUT THE MOST OBVIOUS WOULD SEEM TO BE A MAGMA FLOW FORCING ITS WAY TO THE SURFACE, THE BUILDING UP OF A QUIET VOLCANO. ALTHOUGH THEY'RE QUITE COMMON, NO ONE HEARS ABOUT THEM BECAUSE THEY JUST COME AND GO WITH NO EXPLOSION AT ALL.

THE COPTER'S RUNNING LOW ON FUEL SO I MUST RETURN TO THE MAINLAND, PROFESSOR, I'LL BE WITH YOU... EXCUSE ME? JUST A MINUTE FOLKS, MY PILOT IS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING, ...

...HOLD ON...

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BRING HER DOWN ON THE ISLAND, PROFESSOR, WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH FUEL FOR THE FLIGHT BACK. WE'VE RADIOED FOR HELP IN THE MORNING, RIGHT NOW IT'S MUCH TOO LATE. IT'S BEEN QUITE A WHILE SINCE I'VE BEEN ROUGHING IT VIEWERS, I'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS. INCIDENTALLY, PROFESSOR, IS THERE ANY DANGER OF RADIOACTIVE CONTAMINATION ON THE ISLAND?

ABSOLUTELY NOT. TITAN-4 WAS SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO 'FIZZLE-OUT' AFTER THE FIRST FEW WEEKS. THERE IS NO DANGER WHATSOEVER.

YOU HEARD IT HERE, VIEWERS. WE NOW RETURN YOU TO OUR SCHEDULED BROADCASTING ALREADY IN PROGRESS.

AND SO, REPORTER JOHN ARNOLD, MIKE MANNING, THE CAMERA MAN, AND JOE FORBES, THE PILOT, ALL UNLOAD THE GEAR FROM THE COPTER IN READINESS FOR THE NIGHT.

I GUESS I SHOULD'VE CHECKED THE TANK BEFORE LEAVING, I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WE'D BE UP SO LONG.

SORRY.

IT'S OKAY, JOE, NO HARM DONE. AS JOHN HERE SAID IN HIS BROADCAST, I HAVEN'T GONE CAMPING FOR A LONG TIME EITHER, NOT SINCE THE WAR.

I'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO IT. RELAX.

THE THREE MEN HURRIEDLY PITCHED THEIR TENTS BEFORE THE ENSUING NIGHTFALL.

WHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, AT THE SITE OF THE DISTURBANCE, A STRANGE GLOW COVERS THE CRACKED EARTH.

SLOWLY, AN INVISIBLE BARRIER PUSHES UPWARD, AS ROCK AND STONE FALL ASIDE HARMLESSLY, AND A HUGE, COILED, CYLINDRICAL FORM CRAWLS OUT OF ITS HOLE.

SLOWLY IT ISSUES FORTH, CAREFULLY AND SILENTLY UNTIL ITS ENTIRE *ONE HUNDRED* FOOT LENGTH STANDS IN THE OPEN NIGHT AIR. ITS ONE HUGE RED EYE SURVEYS THE COUNTRYSIDE, AS UNSEEN MUSCLES RIPPLE AND STRETCH BENEATH ITS SEGMENTED ARMOR. IT THEN, SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY, STARTS CRAWLING TOWARD THE HELICOPTER SITE, SENSING OTHER BEINGS PRESENT.

WHAT IS IT, MIKE?

I DUNNO, JUST A FEELING I HAVE, IS ALL. LIKE ANOTHER PRESENCE. MAYBE IT'S JUST MY IMAGINATION, BUT I DON'T LIKE IT.

LAY DOWN, YOU'RE JUST NERVOUS ABOUT BUNKING OUTDOORS AFTER SO LONG.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

THE SUDDEN REALIZATION THAT THERE IS A SOFT SLIDING NOISE CATCHES JOHN'S EAR.

WAIT! THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY OTHER SOUND HERE, THERE'S NO WIND! WHAT COULD IT...

BOLDLY ALL THREE MEN GET OUT OF THEIR SLEEPING BAGS AND WALK UP THE CREST OF ROCK TO PEER OVER IT. WHAT THEY SEE FREEZES THEM IN THEIR TRACKS.

GOOD LORD!!

THE WORM STOOD TOWERING ABOVE THEM, GAZING AT THEM CURIOUSLY ONE AT A TIME, AND AS IT SHIFTED ITS GAZE, THE MAN UNDER ITS SCRUTINY FELT EMOTIONALLY AND MENTALLY EXHAUSTED, NO LONGER EVEN AFRAID OF THE CREATURE.

SUDDENLY, EACH HEARD A VOICE IN THEIR MINDS, CALLING THEM BY NAME: "JOHN ARNOLD, MICHAEL MANNINO, JOSEPH FORBES, MAY I CALL YOU FRIENDS?"

THE THOUGHT STARTLED ALL THREE MEN BUT BEFORE ANY COULD SPEAK THE HARSH VOICE BEGAN AGAIN:

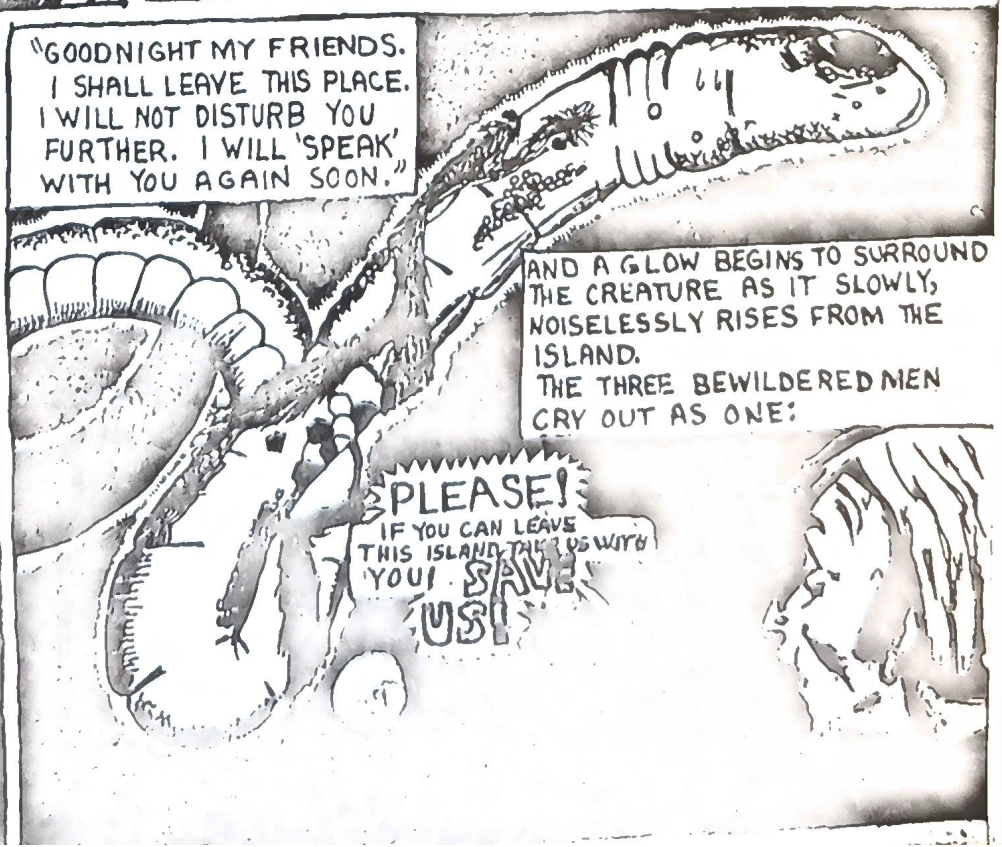
WORDS ARE MEANINGLESS HERE AS I READ YOUR THOUGHTS BEFORE YOU SPEAK. THAT IS A GOOD QUESTION, MICHAEL, AND ENTIRELY LOGICAL, CONSIDERING THE INHERENT WARINESS OF YOUR SPECIES. HE WONDERS, FRIENDS, HOW I KNOW YOUR LANGUAGE. IN TRUTH, IT IS THE ONLY LANGUAGE I HAVE HAD CONTACT WITH, SO NATURALLY, THE ONLY ONE I UNDERSTAND.

HOW CAN YOU TRUST ME, JOHN? I CAN'T TEACH YOU, TRUST MUST DEVELOPE BETWEEN FRIENDS, ALTHOUGH I COULD GIVE YOU SOME SEMBLANCE OF TRUST, IT WOULD BE COUNTERFEIT.

WHAT CAN I DO, JOSEPH? I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW. I WILL LEARN, AS I LEARNED TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU. BUT NOW GO, SLEEP IN PEACE. I WILL DISTURB YOU NO FURTHER. YOU MUST PROMISE THAT YOU WILL KEEP MY EXISTENCE A SECRET FROM THE REST OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

UNARMED, YOU HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO 'LISTEN' TO ME. I SENSE THAT ARMED MEN HAVE A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY. MAN HAS NOT YET ATTAINED THE TECHNOLOGICAL LEVEL NECESSARY TO DESTROY ME, IF I CAN BE DESTROYED..."

"GOODNIGHT MY FRIENDS. I SHALL LEAVE THIS PLACE. I WILL NOT DISTURB YOU FURTHER. I WILL 'SPEAK' WITH YOU AGAIN SOON."



AND A GLOW BEGINS TO SURROUND THE CREATURE AS IT SLOWLY, NOISELESSLY RISES FROM THE ISLAND.
THE THREE BEWILDERED MEN CRY OUT AS ONE:

PLEASE! IF YOU CAN LEAVE THIS ISLAND TAKE US WITH YOU! SAVE US!

FOR THE LUVVA THE LORD! CAN YOU BEAT THAT! ONE MINUTE WE'RE STRANDED ON AN ISLAND WITH A MONSTER...

AND THE NEXT WE'RE BACK AT THE WILD STUDIO!

HOW ARE WE GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS TO THE BOSS?

FAREWELL MY FRIENDS, I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

THE NEXT MORNING, THE MEN WERE ASTOUNDED THAT THEIR BOSS WAS NOT SURPRISED TO SEE THEM BACK.

OF COURSE I KNEW IT WAS A JOKE ALL ALONG, C'MON YOU GUYS, HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FOOL ME?

THE HELIPORT CALLED ME AND SAID THE CHOPPER WAS BACK SOMETIME LATE LAST NIGHT.

WHAT DID YOU TRY TO PROVE, ANYWAY?

THE THREE MEN KNEW ALMOST AT ONCE THAT THE CREATURE HAD THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING. THEY JUST LAUGHED IT OFF AND RETURNED TO WORK. SEVERAL HUNDRED-THOUSAND MILES AWAY, A HUGE GLOWING RED EYE GAZES DOWN ON THE BLUISH ORB WE CALL HOME, AND THE CREATURE DUBBED TITANUS MUSES QUIETLY TO HIMSELF.

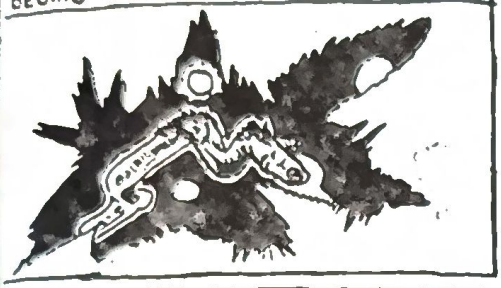
HUMANS, SO SMALL, YET SO WONDERFULLY EFFICIENT. I OWE A LOT TO THEM, FOR MY POWER, MY INTELIGENCE, MY VERY EXISTENCE. I'VE BEEN REBORN, AND THERE IS NO WAY I COULD POSSIBLY HOPE TO PAY THEM BACK.

LOST IN HIS QUIET DAYDREAMS, TITANUS FAILS TO SEE THE DANGER APPROACHING FROM THE OUTER EDGE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM. A TEAR IN THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM, A WARP, AN INTER-DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY, CALL IT WHAT YOU WISH, -BUT IT SPELLS TROUBLE FOR THE PEOPLE OF EARTH.

MAYBE IT IS THE SUDDEN INCREASE IN COSMIC RADIATION, OR MAYBE JUST A BURIED INSTINCT MAKING ITS PRESENCE REKNOWN WHATEVER IT IS, IT CAUSES TITANUS TO TURN AND SEE THE DANGER.

NOT FULLY COMPREHENDING ITS THREAT, HE LOOKS BACK TO THE EARTH, AND, USING HIS EVER POWERFUL MIND, SURGES MENTAL PROBES INTO EVERY SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE HE CAN SENSE, MARVELING AT MAN'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS, BUT EVER AWARE OF THE GROWING PERIL, UNTIL AT LAST HE FINDS WHAT HE NEEDS TO KNOW.

TURNING HIS HUGE BODY, NOW DWARFED BY THE GAPING MAW OF THE WARP, HE BEGINS TO CONCENTRATE...TO CLOSE IT!



EVERY NEURON IN HIS BODY SURGES FORTH WITH POWER. UNTAPPED WELLS OF CONCENTRATION BURST FORTH WITH DETERMINATION AS TITANUS BEGINS TO FEEL THE WEAR.

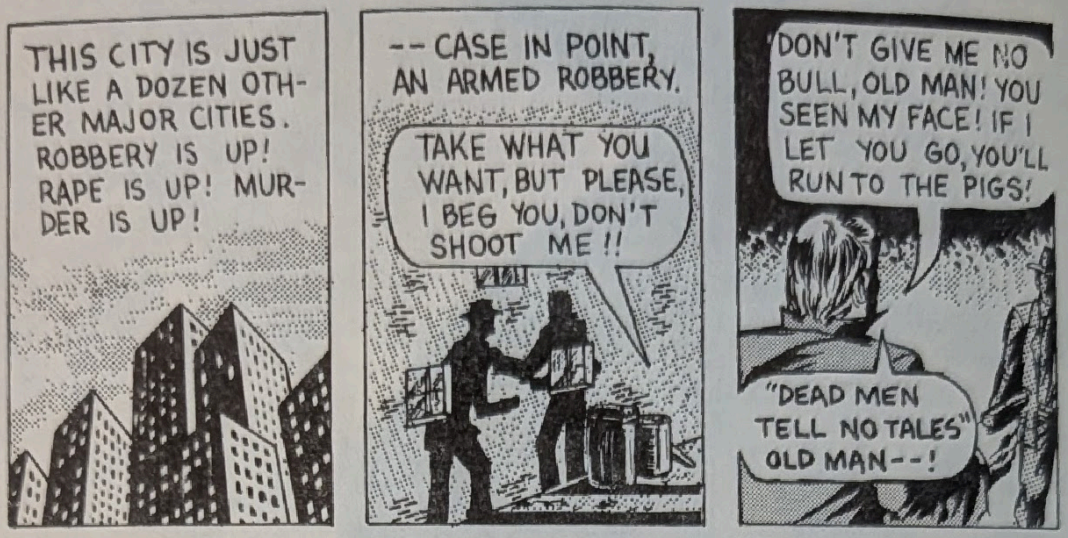
THE IMPULSES OF HIS MIND AND THAT OF THE WARP MAGNETIZE THE COSMIC RAYS SURROUNDING THEM. EVER SO MINUTELY THE WARP BEGINS TO SEAL. SENSING THIS, THE CREATURE POURS OUT MORE POWER, DRAINING HIS ENERGY STORES EVEN MORE.

MORE POWER-AND THE HOLE BECOMES SMALLER. NEVER EVADING HIS MIND FOR AN INSTANT, TITANUS FIGHTS ON HARDER THAN BEFORE. THE HOLE BECOMES ABOUT THE SAME SIZE AS TITANUS, AND STILL HE PUSHES ON. THE SMALLER THE HOLE GETS, THE MORE ENERGY TITANUS SPRINGS FORWARD.

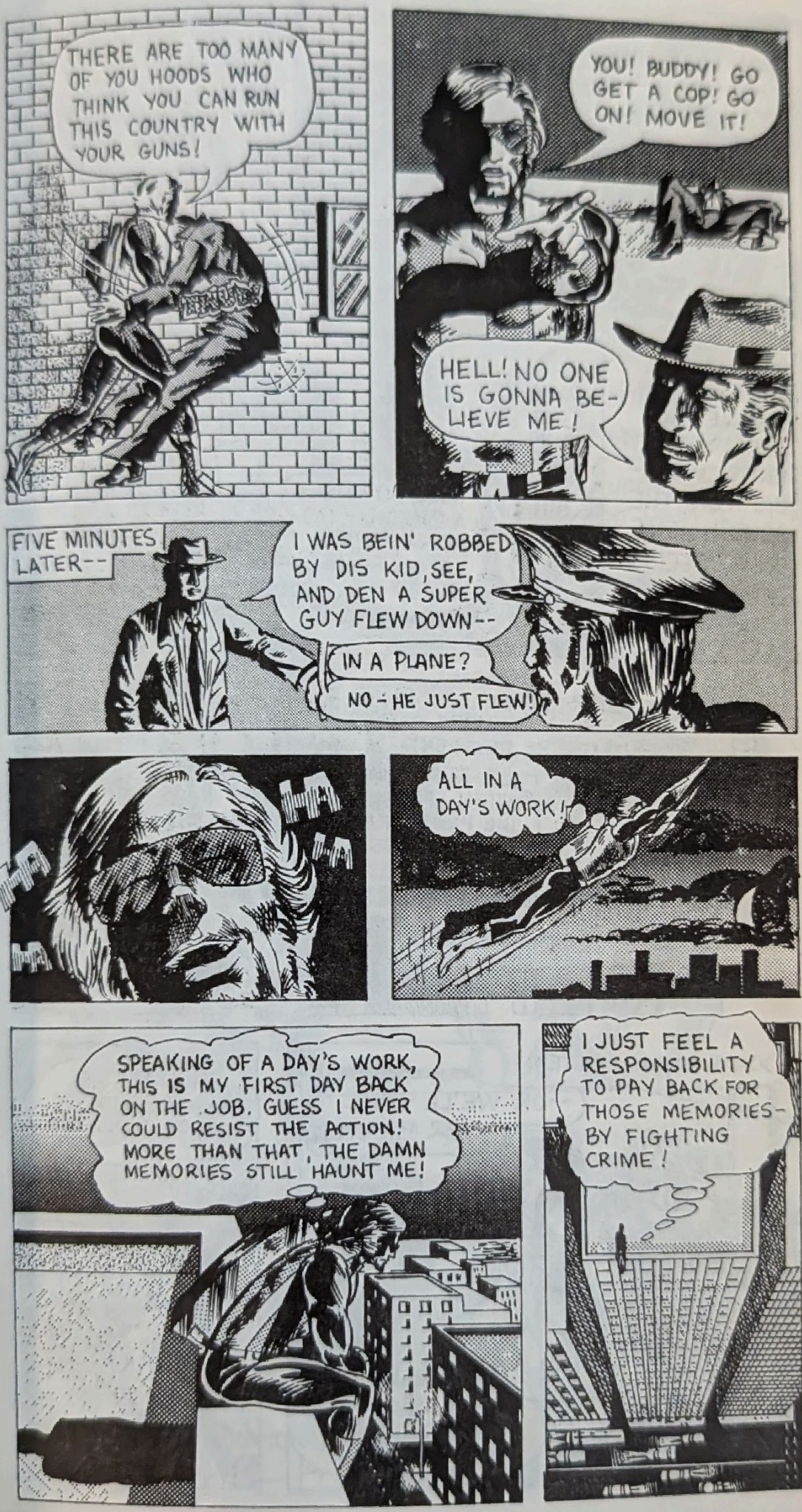
THE THOUGHT TRAVELS AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT TO ARNOLD, MANNINO, AND FORBES, AND THEY INSTANTLY BLACK OUT AS THEIR MINDS GO SURGING UP TO THAT OF THE BATTLING TITANUS.

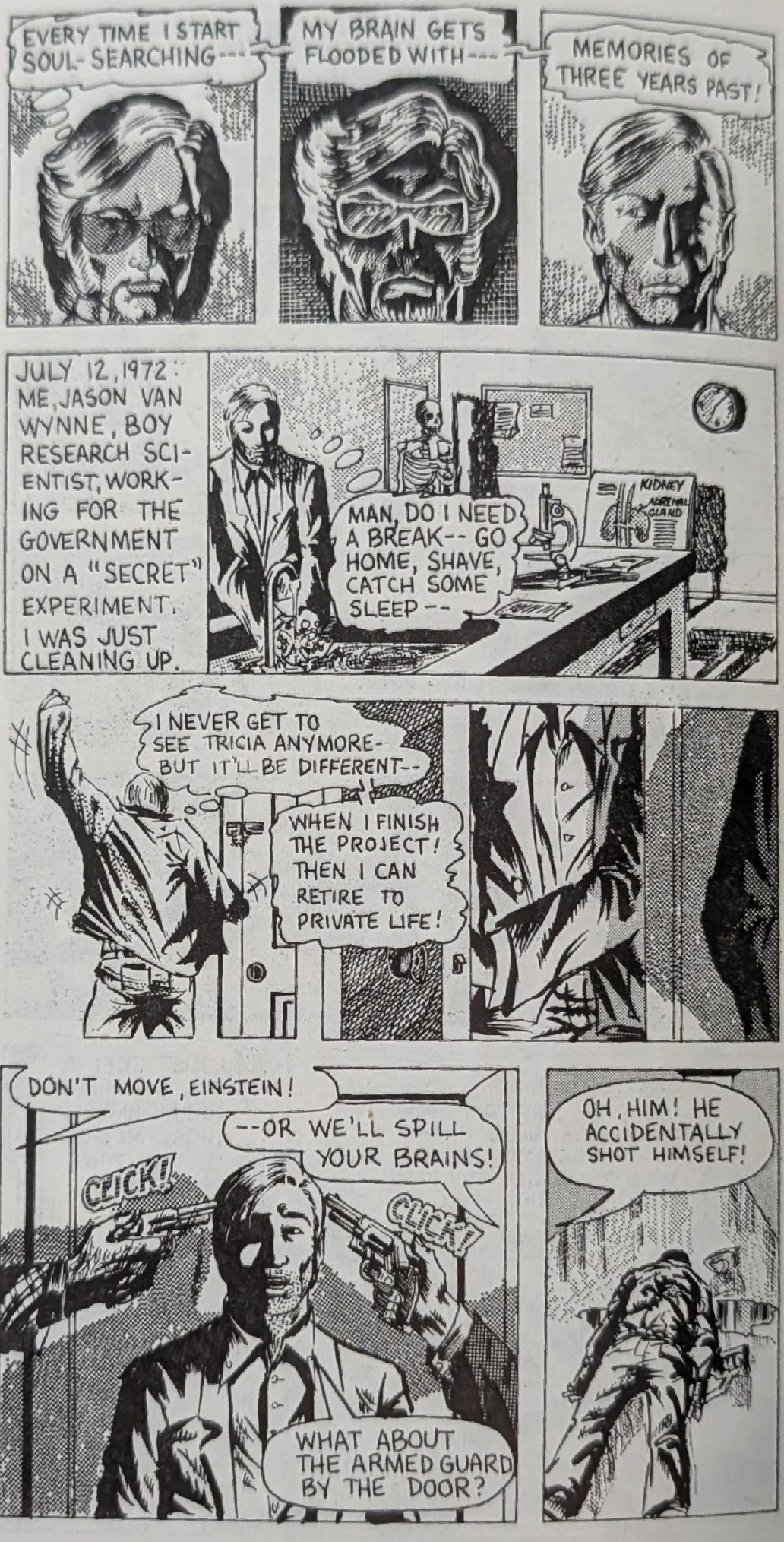
ALTHOUGH THE THREE REMAIN UNCONCIOUS, TITANUS CALLS UPON THEIR INCREDIBLE WILL TO LIVE TO BOOST HIS MENTAL DEFENSE. THE HOLE SHRINKS FASTER, BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH, AS ONCE AGAIN, TITANUS' INCREDIBLE MIND FORCES IT CLOSED. THE BATTLE GOES ON FOR HOURS, THE HOLE CLOSING PAINFULLY SLOW, AS THE EARTH DRAWS NEARER TO ITS DOOM.

AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE YEARS, THE HOLE IS CLOSED, AND THREE BEWILDERED MEN WAKE UP...

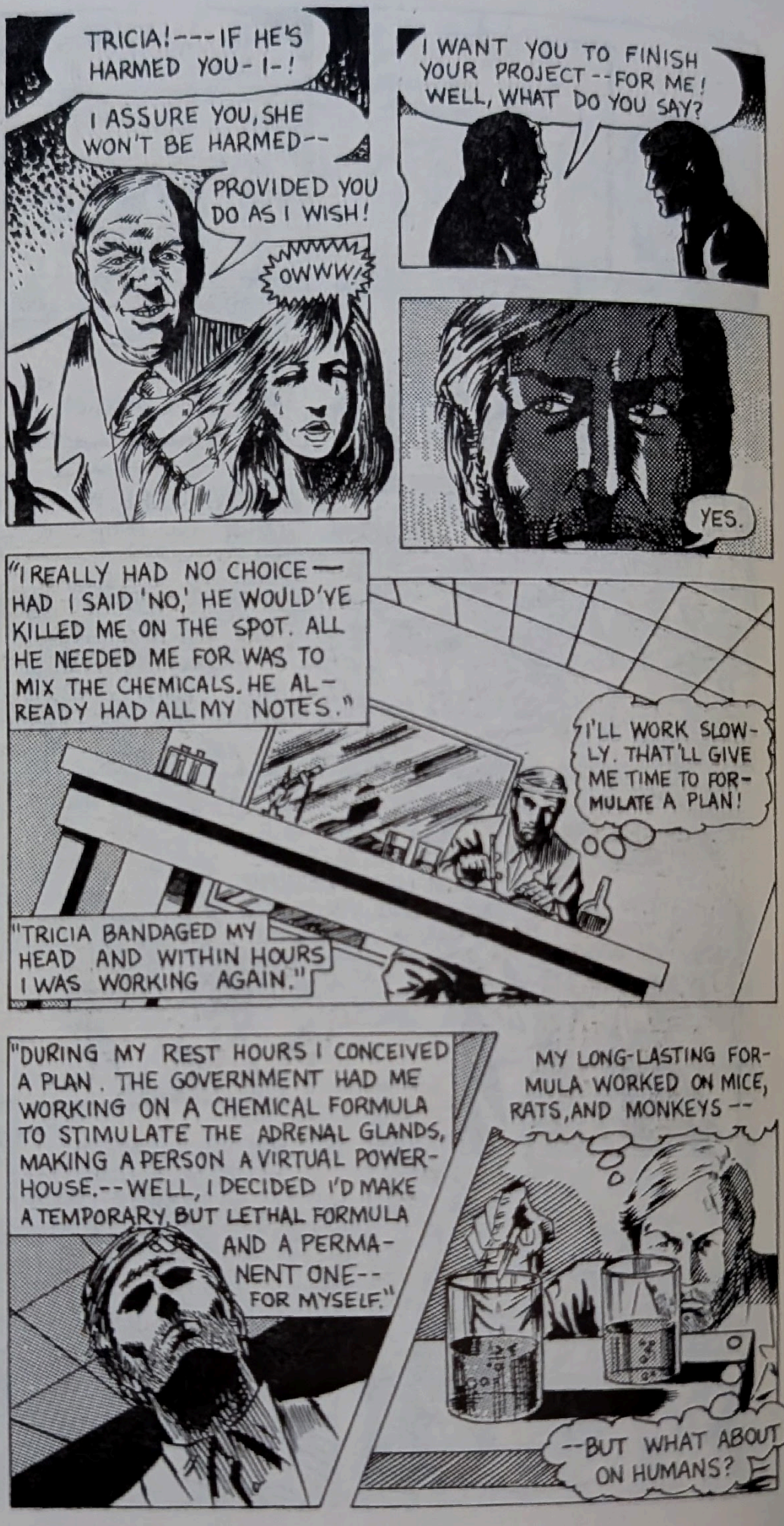

THIS CITY IS JUST LIKE A DOZEN OTHER MAJOR CITIES. ROBBERY IS UP! RAPE IS UP! MURDER IS UP!
--CASE IN POINT, AN ARMED ROBBERY.
TAKE WHAT YOU WANT, BUT PLEASE, I BEG YOU, DON'T SHOOT ME!!
DON'T GIVE ME NO BULL, OLD MAN! YOU SEEN MY FACE! IF I LET YOU GO, YOU'LL RUN TO THE PIGS!
"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES" OLD MAN--!

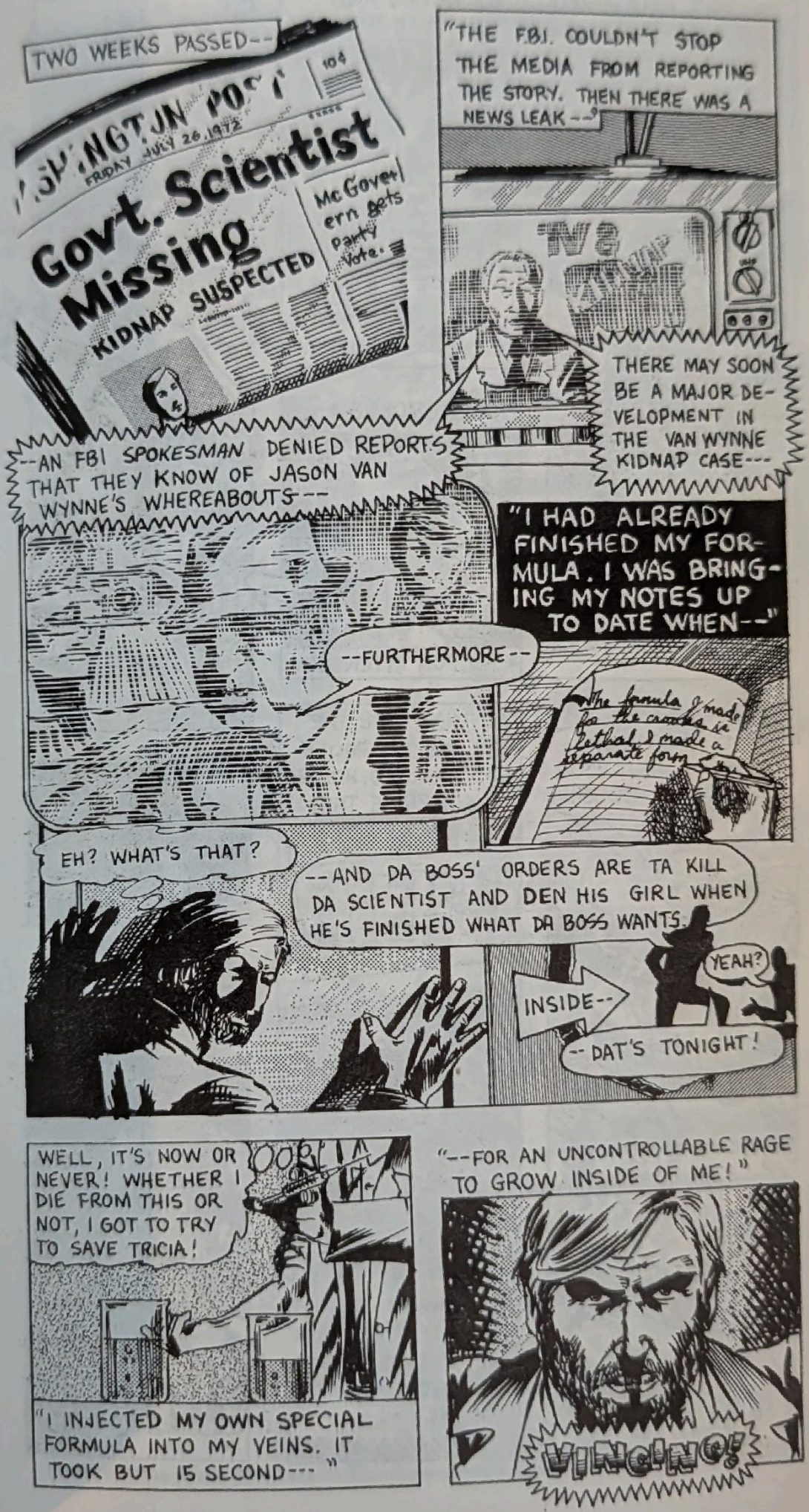
MESSENGER
BY JERRY ORDWAY
HOLD IT ,, PUNK!
WHAT THE HELL--?
KEEP AWAY! I'LL SHOOT YOU TOO!
A LITTLE YOUNG TO BE PLAYING WITH GUNS--NO?
WHUMP!
YOU LOSE YOUR COURAGE WITHOUT THAT DAMN GUN?


THERE ARE TOO MANY OF YOU HOODS WHO THINK YOU CAN RUN THIS COUNTRY WITH YOUR GUNS!
YOU! BUDDY! GO GET A COP! GO ON! MOVE IT!
HELL! NO ONE IS GONNA BE-LIEVE ME!
FIVE MINUTES LATER--
I WAS BEIN' ROBBED BY DIS KID, SEE, AND DEN A SUPER GUY FLEW DOWN--
IN A PLANE?
NO - HE JUST FLEW!
ALL IN A DAY'S WORK!
SPEAKING OF A DAY'S WORK, THIS IS MY FIRST DAY BACK ON THE JOB. GUESS I NEVER COULD RESIST THE ACTION! MORE THAN THAT, THE DAMN MEMORIES STILL HAUNT ME!
I JUST FEEL A RESPONSIBILITY TO PAY BACK FOR THOSE MEMORIES- BY FIGHTING CRIME!


EVERY TIME I START SOUL-SEARCHING---
MY BRAIN GETS FLOODED WITH---
MEMORIES OF THREE YEARS PAST!
JULY 12, 1972: ME, JASON VAN WYNNE, BOY RESEARCH SCIENTIST, WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT ON A "SECRET" EXPERIMENT. I WAS JUST CLEANING UP.
MAN, DO I NEED A BREAK-- GO HOME, SHAVE, CATCH SOME SLEEP --
KIDNEY
ADRENAL GLAND
I NEVER GET TO SEE TRICIA ANYMORE- BUT IT'LL BE DIFFERENT--
WHEN I FINISH THE PROJECT! THEN I CAN RETIRE TO PRIVATE LIFE!
DON'T MOVE, EINSTEIN!
--OR WE'LL SPILL YOUR BRAINS!
CLICK!
CLICK!
WHAT ABOUT THE ARMED GUARD BY THE DOOR?
OH, HIM! HE ACCIDENTALLY SHOT HIMSELF!

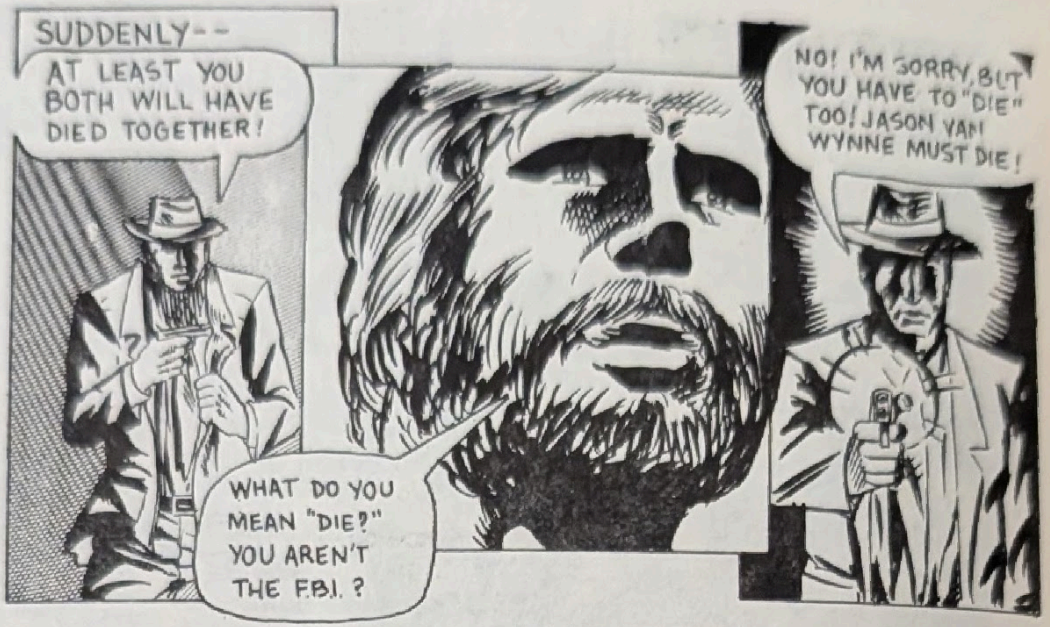
THINK WE CAN TRUST HIM, ED?
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE! CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
THE BOSS WANTS HIM, REAL BAD! IF WE BLOW THIS, WE'LL BE UNEMPLOYED--
THUD
--AND DEAD!
A HALF HOUR LATER--
HEY! SLEEPING BEAUTY'S AWAKE!
AWWW! WERE WE TALKIN' TOO LOUD FER YOU TO SLEEP?
ANYWAY, WE'RE HERE!
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM LOUIS VINCINO. I'M ALSO A BUSINESSMAN, MR. VAN WYNNE.
AH! HOW GOOD IT IS TO MEET YOU, MR. VAN WYNNE!
I HAVE TAKEN STEPS TO INSURE YOUR LOYALTY-- TO ME!
--AND I'M THE DEVIL, SO GO TO HELL!
NOW, NOW, DON'T BE IRRATIONAL!
NOV


TRICIA!---IF HE'S HARMED YOU-I-!
I ASSURE YOU, SHE WON'T BE HARMED--
PROVIDED YOU DO AS I WISH!
OWWW!
I WANT YOU TO FINISH YOUR PROJECT--FOR ME! WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY?
YES.
"I REALLY HAD NO CHOICE— HAD I SAID 'NO,' HE WOULD'VE KILLED ME ON THE SPOT. ALL HE NEEDED ME FOR WAS TO MIX THE CHEMICALS. HE ALREADY HAD ALL MY NOTES."
I'LL WORK SLOWLY. THAT'LL GIVE ME TIME TO FORMULATE A PLAN!
"TRICIA BANDAGED MY HEAD AND WITHIN HOURS I WAS WORKING AGAIN."
"DURING MY REST HOURS I CONCEIVED A PLAN. THE GOVERNMENT HAD ME WORKING ON A CHEMICAL FORMULA TO STIMULATE THE ADRENAL GLANDS, MAKING A PERSON A VIRTUAL POWERHOUSE.--WELL, I DECIDED I'D MAKE A TEMPORARY, BUT LETHAL FORMULA AND A PERMANENT ONE-- FOR MYSELF."
MY LONG-LASTING FORMULA WORKED ON MICE, RATS, AND MONKEYS --
--BUT WHAT ABOUT ON HUMANS?


TWO WEEKS PASSED--
FRIDAY JULY 26, 1972
Govt. Scientist Missing
KIDNAP SUSPECTED
McGovern gets party vote.
"THE F.B.I. COULDN'T STOP THE MEDIA FROM REPORTING THE STORY. THEN THERE WAS A NEWS LEAK--"
THERE MAY SOON BE A MAJOR DEVELOPMENT IN THE VAN WYNNE KIDNAP CASE---
--AN FBI SPOKESMAN DENIED REPORTS THAT THEY KNOW OF JASON VAN WYNNE'S WHEREABOUTS--
--FURTHERMORE--
"I HAD ALREADY FINISHED MY FORMULA. I WAS BRINGING MY NOTES UP TO DATE WHEN--"
The formula I made for the crooks is lethal. I made a separate form
EH? WHAT'S THAT?
--AND DA BOSS' ORDERS ARE TA KILL DA SCIENTIST AND DEN HIS GIRL WHEN HE'S FINISHED WHAT DA BOSS WANTS.
YEAH?
INSIDE--
--DAT'S TONIGHT!
WELL, IT'S NOW OR NEVER! WHETHER I DIE FROM THIS OR NOT, I GOT TO TRY TO SAVE TRICIA!
"I INJECTED MY OWN SPECIAL FORMULA INTO MY VEINS. IT TOOK BUT 15 SECOND---"
"--FOR AN UNCONTROLLABLE RAGE TO GROW INSIDE OF ME!"
VINCING!

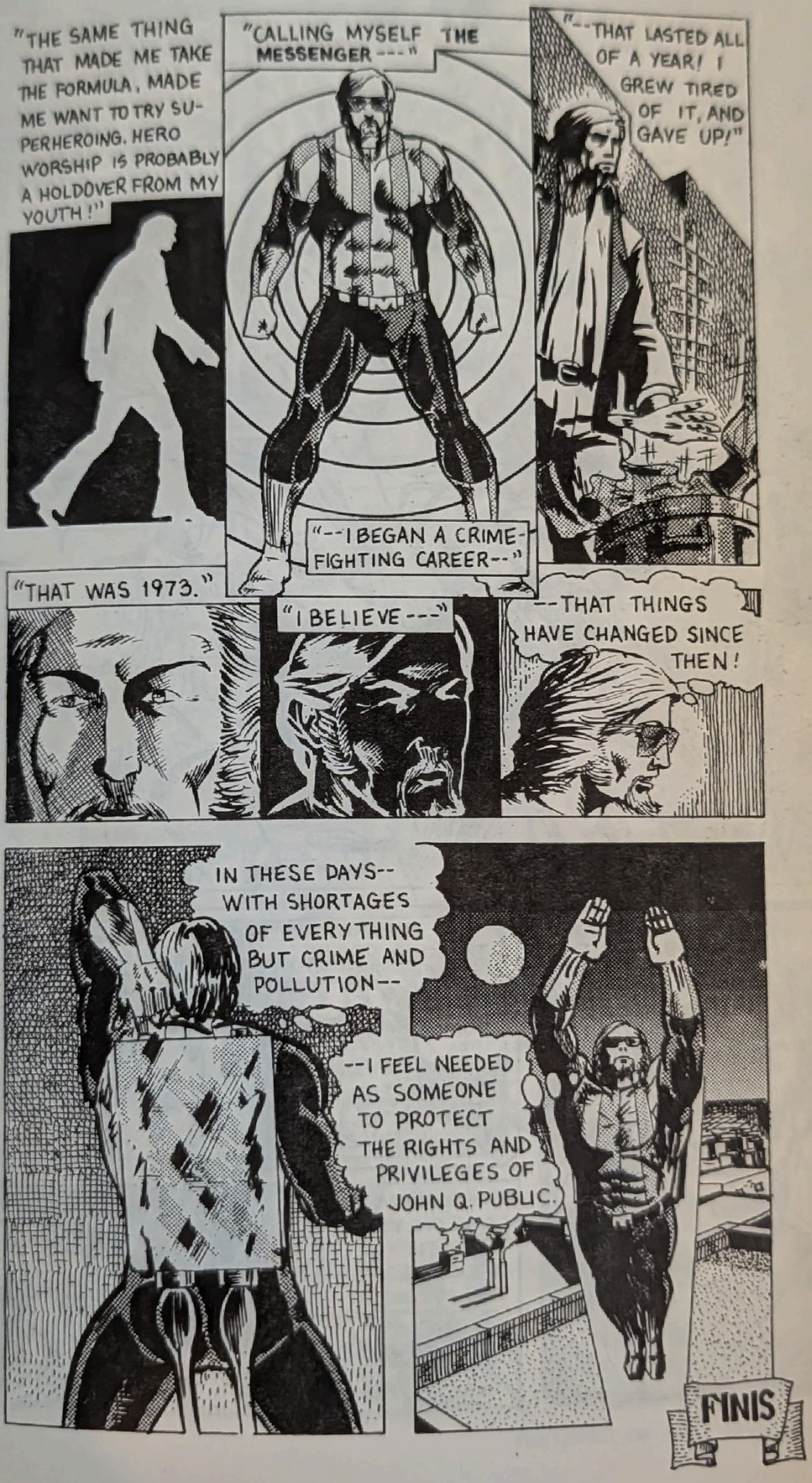
"COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. I JUST WENT BERSERK!"
MUST SAVE TRICIA!
BUT FIRST I GOTTA BE FREE!!
"MY NOTES AND FORMULAE BURNED."
HO-LY SMOKES *
* NO PUN INTENDED.
FREE!
OUTTA THE WAY, CREEP! I WANT YOUR BOSS!!
WHOP!
UGH!
"AT THAT TIME, THE F.B.I. AND THE POLICE HAD ARRIVED, HOPING TO SURPRISE THEM"
QUICK! SPREAD OUT! FIND THAT SCIENTIST AND GET HIM OUTTA HERE!
"THEY SURPRISED THE THUG AT THE DOOR. THEY SURPRISED HIM TO DEATH!"
BLAM BLAM BLAM

I'LL USE THE GIRL TO INSURE MY SAFE GETA-WAY!! WHA---?
HOLD IT, VINCINO!!
I'M GONNA KILL YOU!!
YOU ARE A SITTING DUCK, VAN WYNNE!
YOU DIDN'T HONOR YOUR END OF THE AGREEMENT!
BLAM BLAM-BLAM
LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE! GET DOWN TRISH!
OHHH!
OH NO YOU DON'T!!
YOU NEVER GAVE ME THE FORMU-LA--URK
--SO YOU WON'T GET THE GIRL--- ALIVE!!
BLAM!
I TOLD YOU BEFORE-- I AM A BUSINESSMAN!
NO!
JASE -- HELP ME! DON'T LET ME DIE----!!
OH GOD! WHY DOES IT HAVE TO END THIS WAY?!!
I'M SORRY.
"WHY DID SHE HAVE TO DIE? SHE WAS JUST AN INNOCENT PAWN!! HE USED HER TO GET WHAT HE WANTED FROM ME!!"

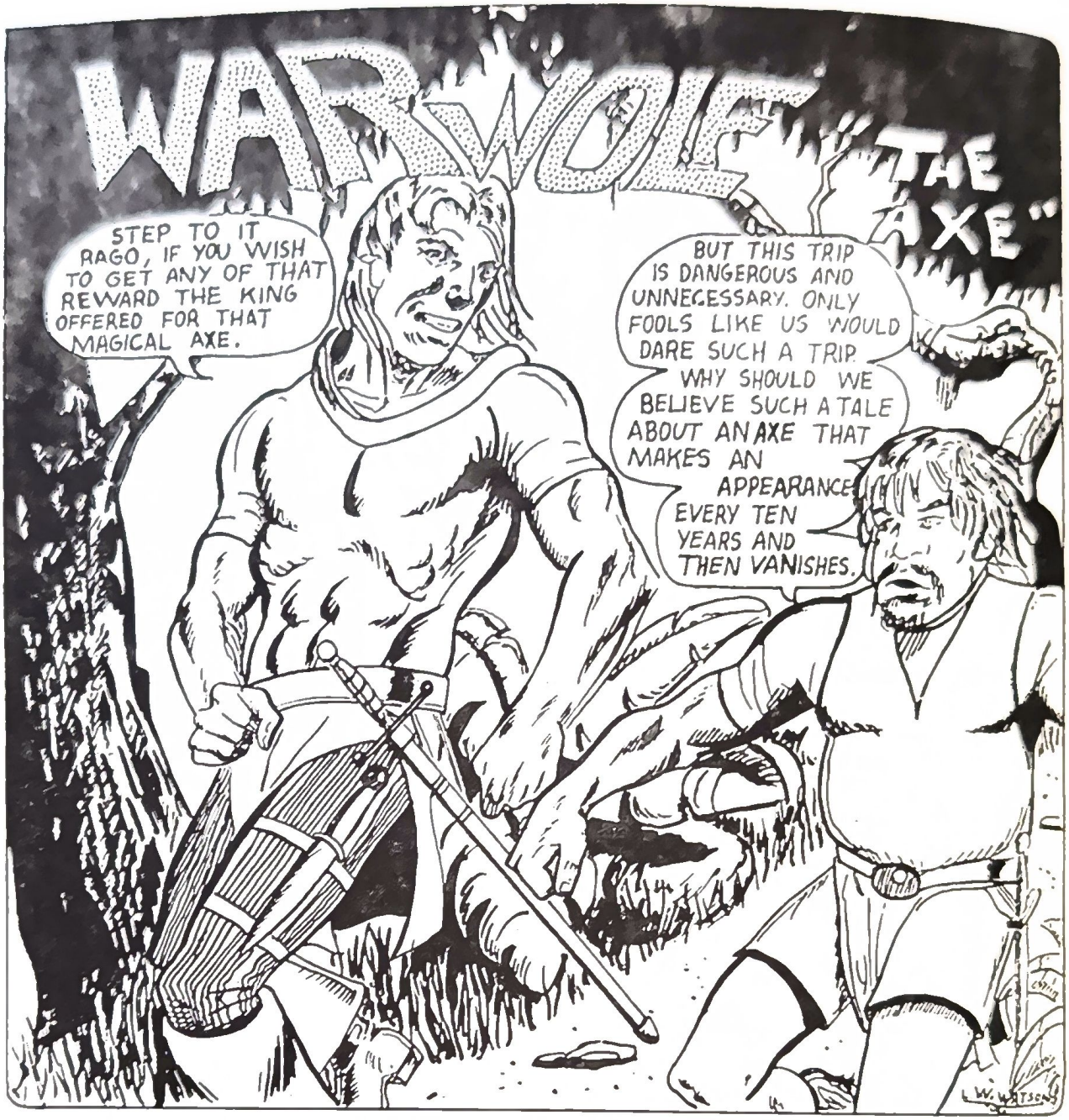

SUDDENLY--
AT LEAST YOU BOTH WILL HAVE DIED TOGETHER!
NO! I'M SORRY, BUT YOU HAVE TO "DIE" TOO! JASON VAN WYNNE MUST DIE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "DIE?" YOU AREN'T THE F.B.I.?

"LATER, THE PRESS INTERVIEWED THE POLICE AT THE SCENE--"
EV'RYONE GIT BACK!
VAN WYNNE WAS FOUND DEAD FROM A BULLET WOUND IN THE CHEST!
ALSO FOUND WERE THE BODIES OF LOUIS VINCINO, UNDERWORLD LEADER, AND PATRICIA FARLEY, VAN WYNNE'S FIANCE!
YOU A MAILMAN?

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN. TWO WEEKS AFTER THE ORDEAL——
--THAT F.B.I. AGENT HAD ME FOOLED!
--HE "KILLED" JASON VAN WYNNE SO THAT **JASON GODWIN** COULD LIVE!
'NEW NAME, NEW LOCALE, A NEW **ME!**
'GOT A BIRTH CERTIFICATE THAT SAYS I WAS BORN MARCH 28, 1945. ALSO, I HAVE A DRIVER'S LICENSE, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD, MILITARY I.D., AND SCHOOL RECORDS UNDER THE NAME GODWIN!


"THE SAME THING THAT MADE ME TAKE THE FORMULA, MADE ME WANT TO TRY SUPERHEROING. HERO WORSHIP IS PROBABLY A HOLDOVER FROM MY YOUTH!"
"CALLING MYSELF THE MESSENGER---"
"--THAT LASTED ALL OF A YEAR! I GREW TIRED OF IT, AND GAVE UP!"
"--I BEGAN A CRIME-FIGHTING CAREER--"
"THAT WAS 1973."
"I BELIEVE---"
--THAT THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE THEN!
IN THESE DAYS-- WITH SHORTAGES OF EVERYTHING BUT CRIME AND POLLUTION--
--I FEEL NEEDED AS SOMEONE TO PROTECT THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF JOHN Q. PUBLIC.
FINIS

Lloyd Watson Jr., 605 Hemlock Street, Elizabethton, Tenn. 37643



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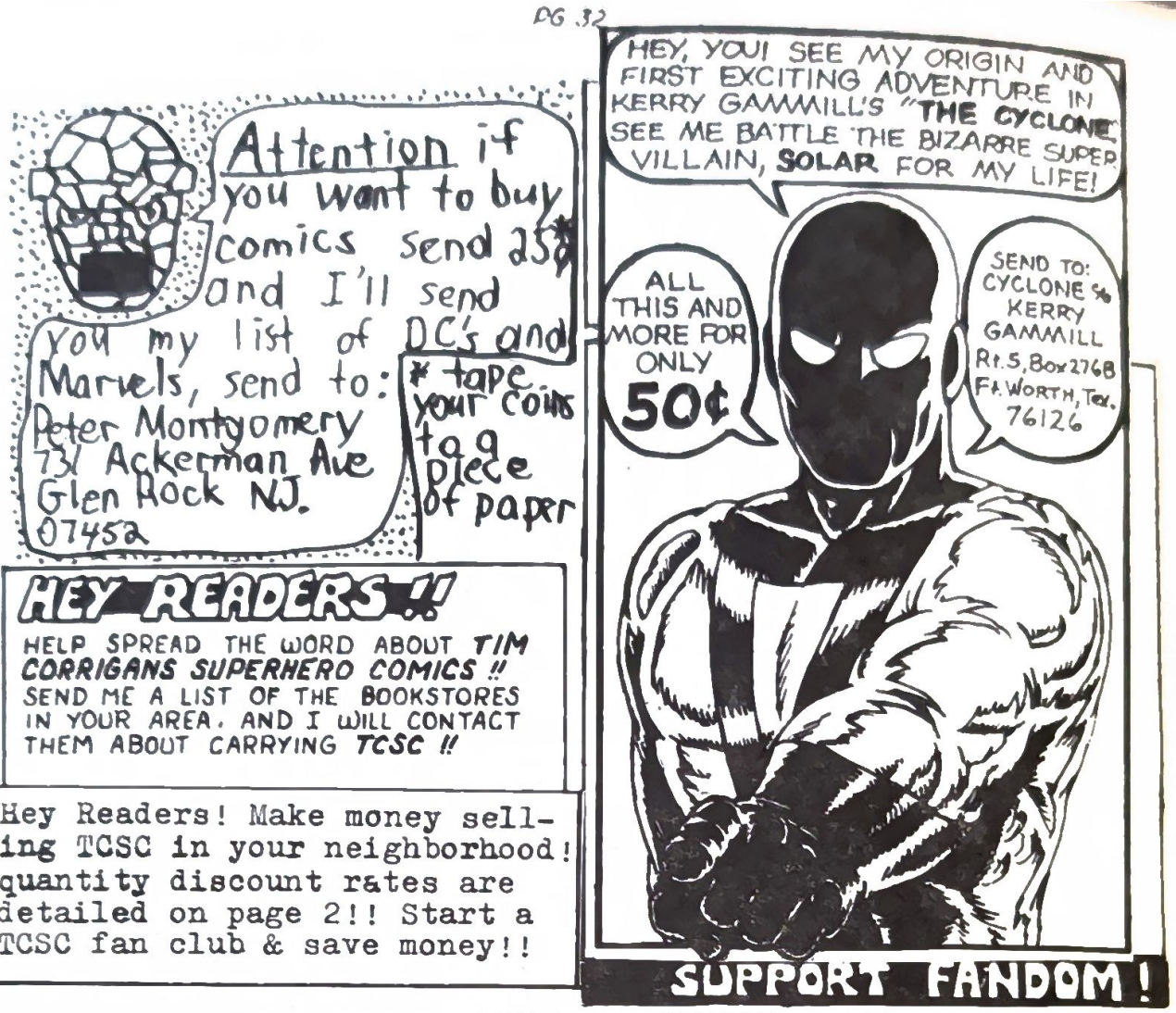

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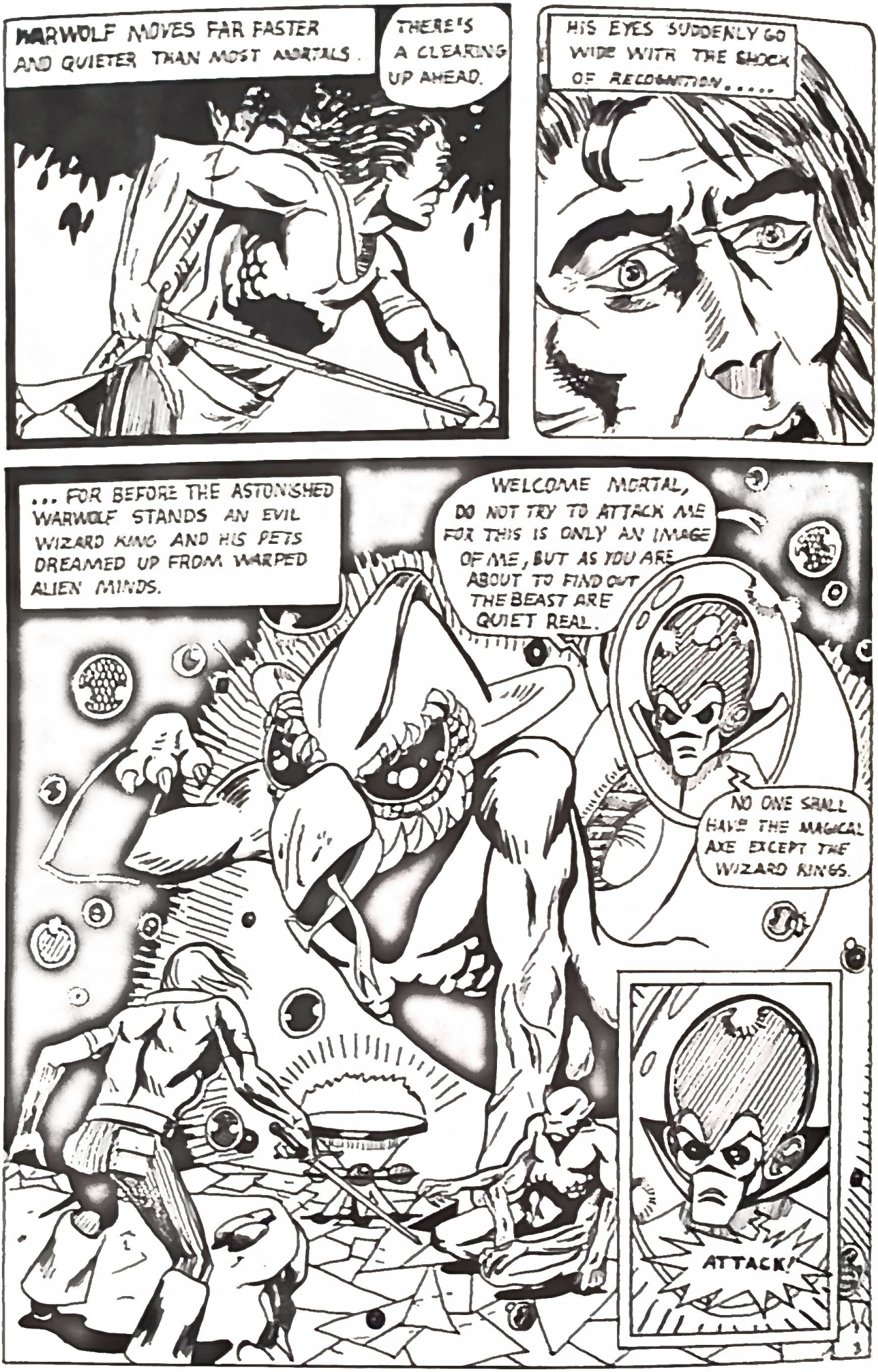

WARWOLF MOVES FAR FASTER AND QUIETER THAN MOST MORTALS.
THERE'S A CLEARING UP AHEAD.
HIS EYES SUDDENLY GO WIDE WITH THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION.....
... FOR BEFORE THE ASTONISHED WARWOLF STANDS AN EVIL WIZARD KING AND HIS PETS DREAMED UP FROM WARPED ALIEN MINDS.
WELCOME MORTAL, DO NOT TRY TO ATTACK ME FOR THIS IS ONLY AN IMAGE OF ME, BUT AS YOU ARE ABOUT TO FIND OUT THE BEAST ARE QUIET REAL.
NO ONE SHALL HAVE THE MAGICAL AXE EXCEPT THE WIZARD KINGS.
ATTACK!

A MUTANT MAN HITS WARWOLF FROM THE REAR...
WHACK
BUT HIS CAT-LIKE REFLEXES SAVE HIM, SO THAT...
HE IS PREPARED FOR THE NEXT ATTACK
COME! COME FIGHT ME NOW YOU COWARDS, COME AND DIE!
AAAAAGGK!
FROM A POUCH WARWOLF PULLS AN ANCIENT, BUT MODIFIED WEAPON.....
GOT TO MAKE THIS GOOD!

AAAAA
ROARRR
SNAPPP
UNNNNNHH!
ROAR
SPLAT
DON'T KNOW IF THIS WILL DO ANY GOOD BUT...
AS HIS HEAD CLEARS FROM THE DAZE.....
THE AXE IS APPEARING!
I HAVE IT!

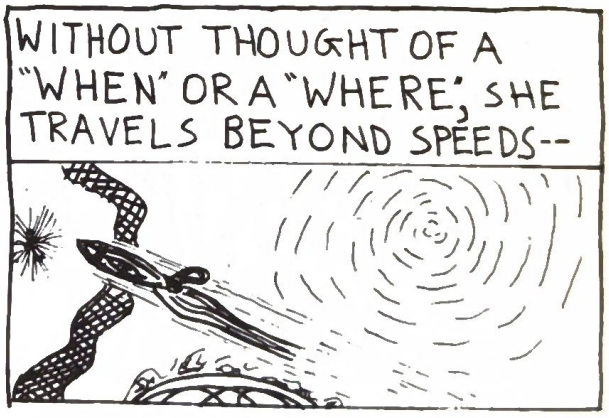
ATTACK ME NOW SNAKE-MAN, ATTACK ME WHILE I HOLD AN AXE FORGED BY THE ANCIENT ONES...
THE BEAST MAKES ONE FINAL DEATH-LUNGE BEFORE IT TOPPLES OVER.
...THOSE WHO CAME FROM A PLANET CALLED EARTH!
SPLAT!
COME WIZARD! SEND YOUR PYSCIAL-SELF SO THAT I MAY SLAY YOU AS I HAVE SLAIN YOUR PETS.
NOT TODAY MORTAL, YOU HAVE WON THIS BATTLE BUT THE WINNING OF THE WAR SHALL BE MINE!
THE END FOR NOW.
6.

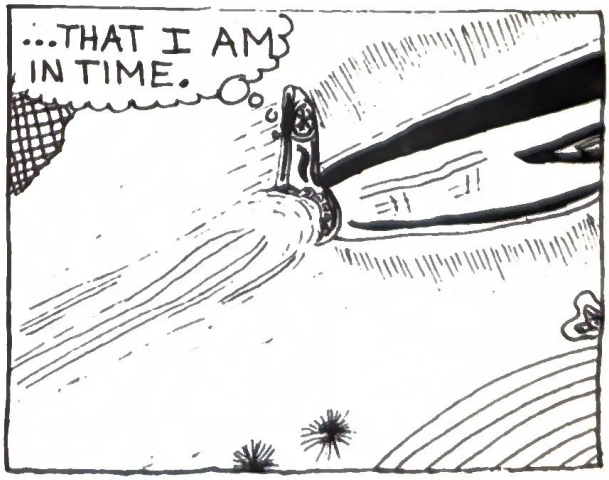
Byron Brewer: 729 Johnson Ave., Frankfort, Ky. 40601

IN TIME'S LOST LORE, THERE ARE WHISPERED TALES OF A BEING...ONE BORN NOT OF EARTH NOR OF THE HEAVENS ABOVE. A CREATURE NOT OF GOD NOR OF SATAN, HE WANDERS TO LEARN HIS OWN DESTINY... FOREVER ALONE!!

The WANDERER of WORLDS

STORY
ART
CALLIGRAPHY: Byron Brewer



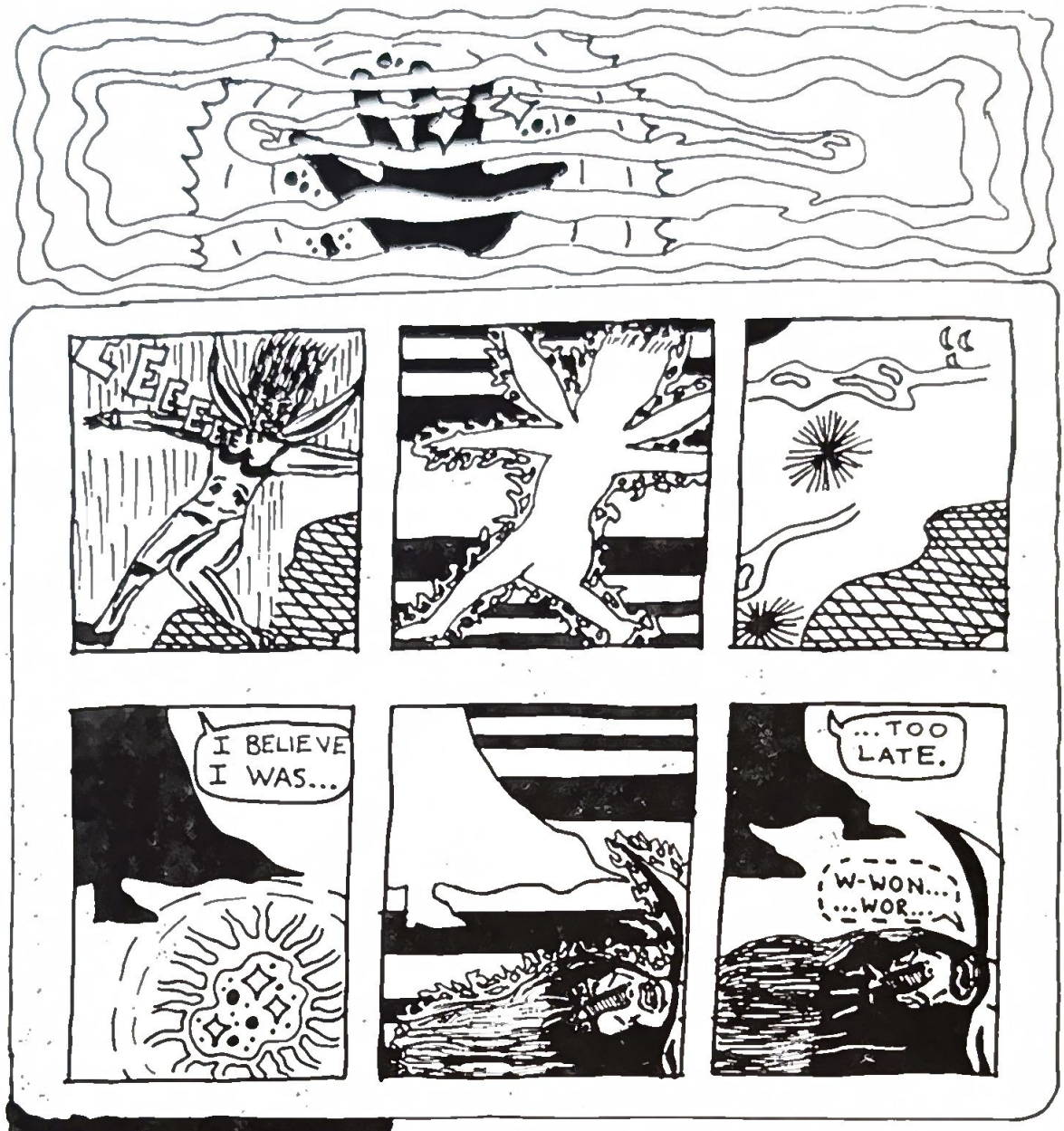


THE WHOLE THING MAKES ME SICK!
IF I DO NOT FIND HIM...
...I AND MY PEOPLE... ARE DOOMED!

ONWARD SHE TRAVEL, IN SEARCH OF A MAN THAT IS NOT A MAN, LITTLE KNOWING IN SOMBRE DREAMS THAT THE REALM SHE SEEKS TO ESCAPE HAS BADE HER STAY!

ALTHOUGH THE CROWNING IMPACT CANNOT BE HEADING FOR A "CRASH" BECAUSE OF THE ABSENCE OF SOUND--

--OUR EYES... AND OTHERS... ...MAY VIEW THE COLLISION.


SEEEEEE
I BELIEVE I WAS...
...TOO LATE.
W-WON...
...WOR...

"SHE UTTERED MY NAME! OBVIOUSLY SHE NEEDED MY AID...SO WHILE HER SOUL YET LINGERS...
...I MUST FORCE THE KNOWLEDGE FROM HER!

MYSTIC ENERGIES BEGIN TO GATHER AS THE MAGE STARTS TO CHANT.
LET THE BATTERED HUSK NOW ARISE--

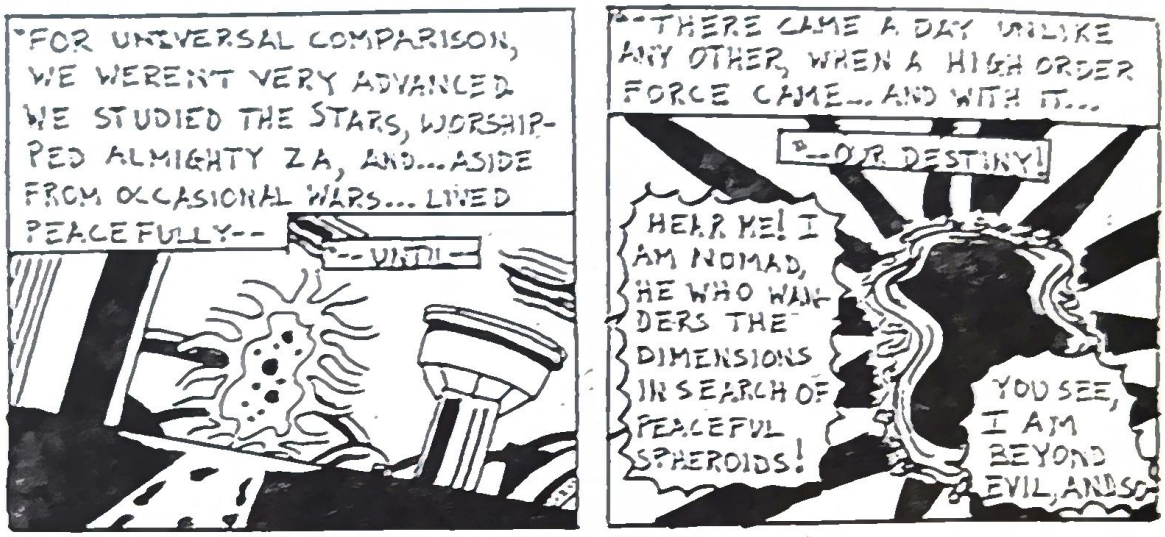
--AS THE FLAMES ETENAL BURN;
MAY, WHILE THE ASTRAL FORM LINGERS--

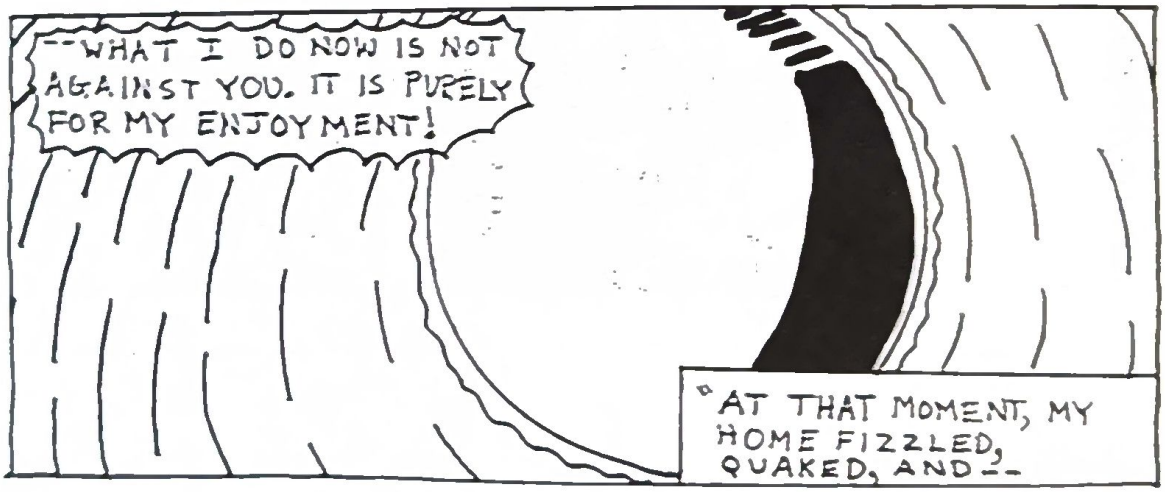
"--TO YON BODY NOW RETURN!"

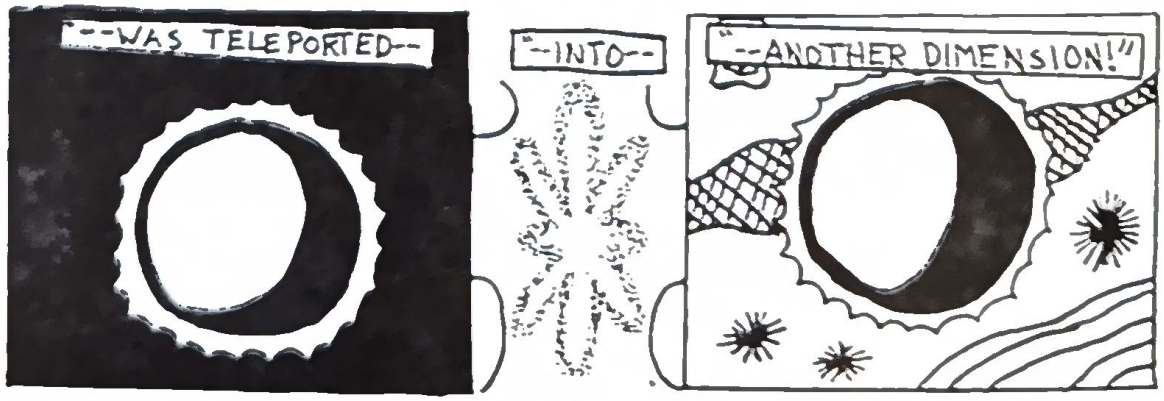
SPEAK, GIRL! WHY DID YOU SEEK ME?
WONDER WORLOCK?!
YES, I'LL SPEAK!

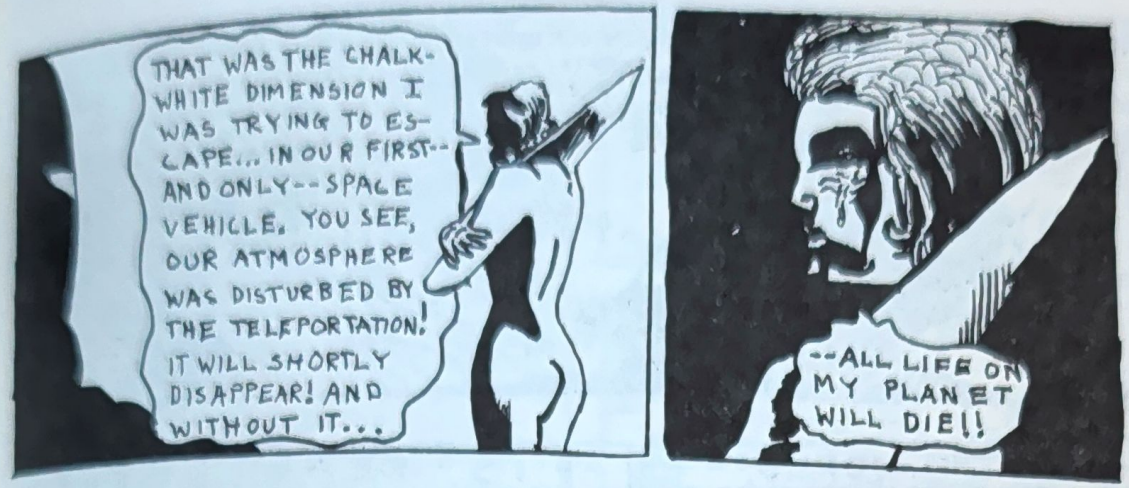
AND THEN... PLEASE... LET MY SPIRIT GO!!

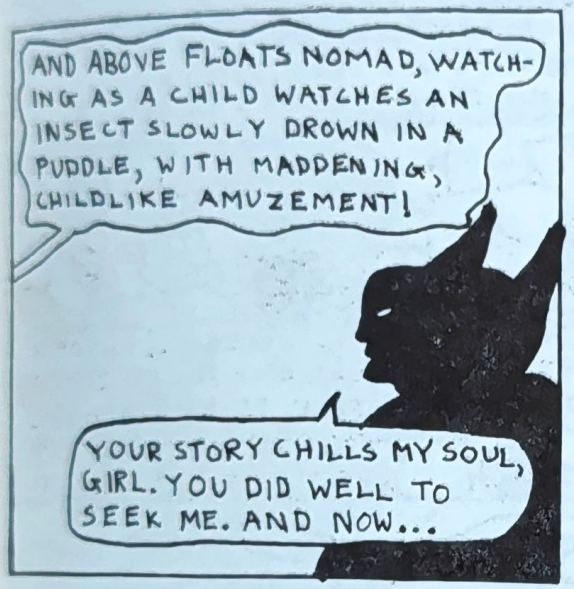
BY THE LOOK OF YOUR LIFE-RENEWED FACE, THAT IS A MOST REASONABLE REQUEST. PLEASE PROCEED.
MY STORY IS A SIMPLE ONE. IT BEGINS...
...ON A PLANET YOU FLEE FROM THE DIMENSION IN WHICH YOU TRIED TO SLAY ME--
THE WORLD I CALL--CALLED--MY HOME.


"FOR UNIVERSAL COMPARISON, WE WEREN'T VERY ADVANCED. WE STUDIED THE STARS, WORSHIPPED ALMIGHTY ZA, AND...ASIDE FROM OCCASIONAL WARS... LIVED PEACEFULLY--
--UNTIL--
"--THERE CAME A DAY UNLIKE ANY OTHER, WHEN A HIGH ORDER FORCE CAME... AND WITH IT...
"--OUR DESTINY!
HELP ME! I AM NOMAD, HE WHO WANDERS THE DIMENSIONS IN SEARCH OF PEACEFUL SPHEROIDS!
YOU SEE, I AM BEYOND EVIL, AND SO

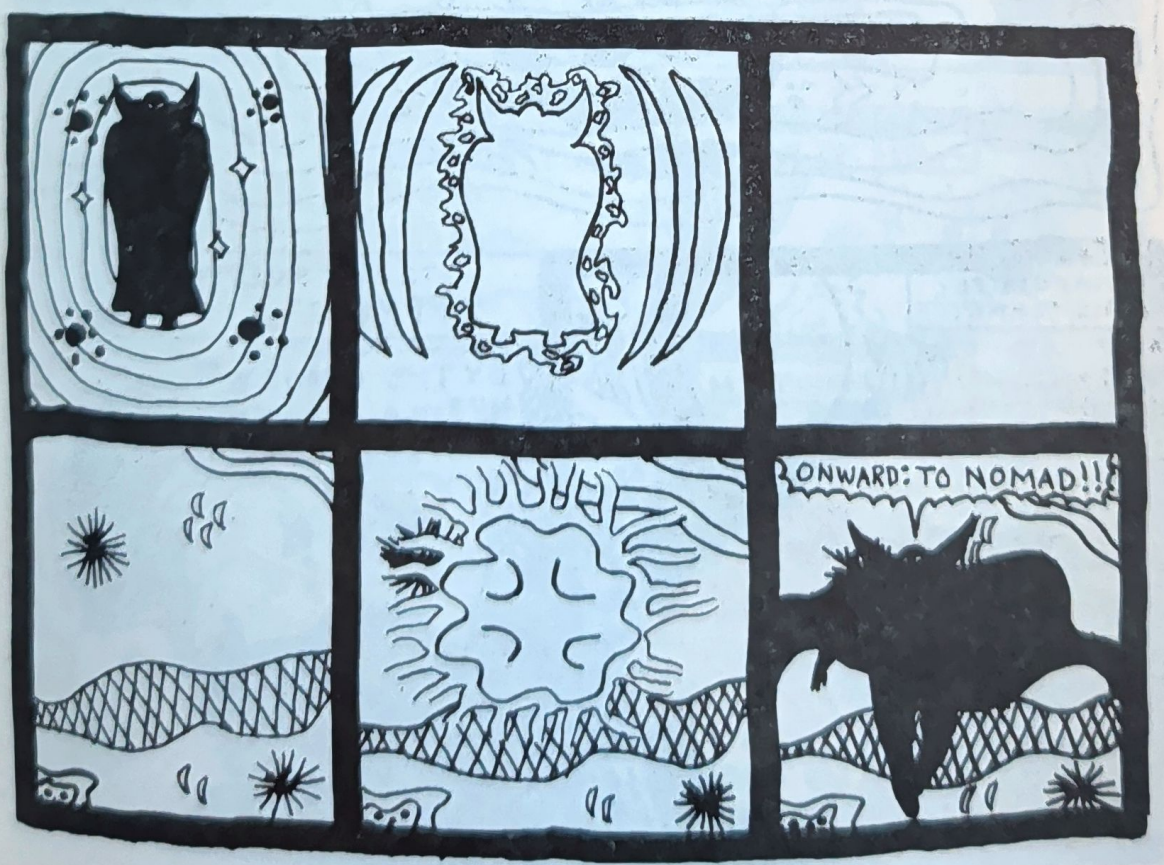

--WHAT I DO NOW IS NOT AGAINST YOU. IT IS PURELY FOR MY ENJOYMENT!
"AT THAT MOMENT, MY HOME FIZZLED, QUAKED, AND--

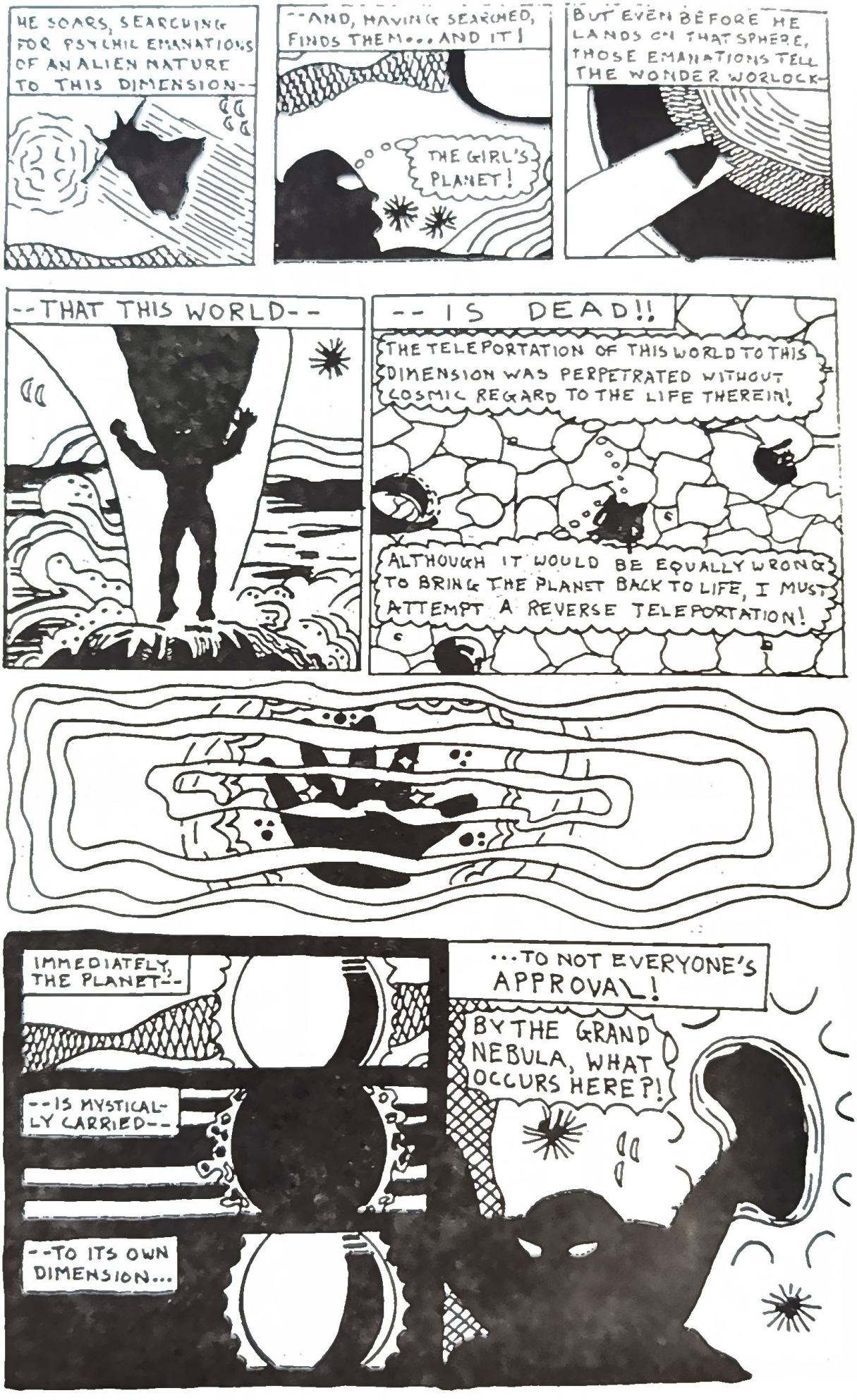

--WAS TELEPORTED--
--INTO--
--ANOTHER DIMENSION!"


THAT WAS THE CHALK-WHITE DIMENSION I WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE... IN OUR FIRST--AND ONLY--SPACE VEHICLE. YOU SEE, OUR ATMOSPHERE WAS DISTURBED BY THE TELEPORTATION! IT WILL SHORTLY DISAPPEAR! AND WITHOUT IT...
--ALL LIFE ON MY PLANET WILL DIE!!


AND ABOVE FLOATS NOMAD, WATCHING AS A CHILD WATCHES AN INSECT SLOWLY DROWN IN A PUDDLE, WITH MADDENING, CHILDLIKE AMUZEMENT!
YOUR STORY CHILLS MY SOUL, GIRL. YOU DID WELL TO SEEK ME. AND NOW...

...NOW I RELEASE YOUR SOUL FROM THIS NON-PLACE TO MEET YOUR ZA IN ETERNAL PEACE!


ONWARD: TO NOMAD!!


HE SOARS, SEARCHING FOR PSYCHIC EMANATIONS OF AN ALIEN NATURE TO THIS DIMENSION--
--AND, HAVING SEARCHED, FINDS THEM... AND IT!
THE GIRL'S PLANET!
BUT EVEN BEFORE HE LANDS ON THAT SPHERE, THOSE EMANATIONS TELL THE WONDER WORLOCK-
--THAT THIS WORLD--
-- IS DEAD!!
THE TELEPORTATION OF THIS WORLD TO THIS DIMENSION WAS PERPETRATED WITHOUT COSMIC REGARD TO THE LIFE THEREIN!
ALTHOUGH IT WOULD BE EQUALLY WRONG TO BRING THE PLANET BACK TO LIFE, I MUST ATTEMPT A REVERSE TELEPORTATION!
IMMEDIATELY, THE PLANET--
--IS MYSTICALLY CARRIED--
--TO ITS OWN DIMENSION...
...TO NOT EVERYONE'S APPROVAL!
BY THE GRAND NEBULA, WHAT OCCURS HERE?!

HOW DARE YOU... eh? YOU MUST BE THE MAGE THAT FOOLISH GIRL BLASTED OFF TO FIND!!
AND YOU! NOMAD. DON'T YOU KNOW HOW YOU COULD HAVE POLLUTED THE SCHEME OF THINGS WITH YOUR PETTY, INSANE COSMIC GAME?!
YOU KILLED THE WORLD!!
DON'T YOU HAVE ANY LOVE FOR--?
I HAVE FOR NAUGHT SAVE THINGS OF AMUSEMENT TO ME--
--AND RIGHT NOW THAT INCLUDES YOU!!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
I MUST MEDITATE... STUDY THIS ENTITY!
BY THE POWER OF THE CHALKY SKY-- AND OF FAR-AWAY TERRA-- LET EACH MOMENT'S FLIGHT-- BECOME AND ERA!
AND WITH THAT, ALL STOPS TO WAIT FOR THE EXPLORATION OF A DARK-CLAD MAGE IN BLACK!!
ALONE HE SITS--
--ALMOST.
HE THINKS.
HE PROBES.
HE DREAMS.
HE LEARNS.
LET TIME BEGIN!

AND THUS IT DOES, WITH THE SINISTER NOMAD UNAWARE OF THE PROBING THAT HAS BEEN MADE UPON HIS BEING.
NOW, MYSTIC ONE, YOU'LL REGRET THE MOMENT YOU EVER HEARD OF NOMAD!!
ON THE CONTRARY, SINISTER ONE: I HAVE NOW LEARNED YOUR SECRET. YOU MUST EITHER STOP YOUR MAD GAMES--
--OR FORCE THE WONDER WORLOCK TO DO BATTLE WITH YOU!!
EXPLAIN TO ME THIS NONSENSE OF WHICH YOU SPEAK!! WHAT SECRET?!
HARKEN, THEN: YOUR PSYCHIC NEED TO TRAVERSE THE DIMENSIONAL PLANES STEMS MAINLY FROM LONLINESS OF SORTS...
...AS DOES YOUR SEEKING OF PEACE-LOVING PLANETOIDS FOR YOU TO PLUNDER. BUT THAT WAS NOT THE SECRET OF WHICH I SPOKE.
WHAT SECRET? WHAT SECRET?!
YOU ARE A GOD. YOU FEED ON THE EMANATIONS OF FEAR GIVEN BY THE POPULATIONS OF SUCH WORLDS AS THAT ONE. IS IT NOT TRUE YOU ALWAYS BRING THEM HERE?
AYE! SO...
YOU ARE, IN EFFECT--
--AN OCCULT GATEWAY INTO THIS DIMENSION!!

WHAT MADNESS SAY YOU, MAGE?!
B-BUT...HARKEN, NOMAD--
NAY! NAY!
I'LL LISTEN NO MORE!!
UNNGH!
YOU DESTROYED NOMAD!! WHAT RIGHT HAVE--?!
YOU DESTOYED MY PEOPLE, MY PLANET, MY LIFE!!
--OOHH!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT RIGHT I HAVE, WONDER WORLOCK... FOR YOU SEE--
--I AM ZA.
FINIS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SEND ALL LETTERS TO TIM CORRIGAN'S SUPERHERO COMICS [illegible] ROAD [illegible]

Dear Tim-TCSC #3 has just arrived and once again my lips are filled with praise for you and your 'zine. The cover was very good. Just the right balance between blurbs and art. The ORIGIN OF GARGUS was truly a masterpiece. There are a number of actual comic books that would have a tough time topping it. Believe me, that's not empty praise. I'm serious. I believe I know the reason for this. You had only a certain number of pages to work with because of the presence of the other two fan stories. This resulted in the tightening up of your artwork, such as going from six to eight panels per page. The fact that you did not have as many stories to write and draw also allowed you more time to concentrate in plot and characterization. I hope GARGUS continues to be as good in the future.

The two new stories by Moral and Parker were excellent also. I was extremely impressed by the quality of both. I would say the "Protector" strip was pretty stock superhero fare with the hero spouting witticisms as he clobbers the crooks, but it did'nt subtract from the slickness of the art. Unlike many amateur artists, Mr. Parker shows, through his work, a working knowledge of anatomy.

The rest of the issue was interesting as usual. Your editorial was "Write On" and the list of cons was helpful. Hey, instead of having text material (fiction), why don't you make the editorial column open to any fan who has a well written comment on some aspect of comics.

I'd like to leave you by saying that I'm depending on you to bring us the best in fan work. Whether it's strips, letters, editorials, let QUALITY be the main reason for printing material.

Respectfully,
Mac Patterson
Duncanville, Texas

Tim-I really liked TCSC #3. I really like how your art has been improving on your GARGUS series and I do agree that in the latest story you have been moving away from Kirby's NEW GODS series, but I must say that the story was as good (if not better than) as many of Kirby's great stories. I'm really impressed with the standard of the story for a fandom magazine. Keep it up.As for my suggestions on the strip: Your lettering,story line, inking, are all good but of course they will continue to get better. Your figures do need improvement, which is about true for all of us amateurs. I would suggest that you spend as much of your spare time drawing sketches of figures. I also suggest you study anatomy and do drawings from photographs. One last thing; I would also suggest that you drop the "G" from Gargus' chest. After all, I don't think GARGUS' world would have the same letter for "G" as we do. Besides, I always thought it was corny to have a letter on a superheros chest. By the way I think using 8 panels per page is great.

ELASTICWORM is kind of a strange character. I didn't think I would like him but for some reason I do. I also like all those little panel per page. My only suggestion is to keep him in his own mag, since he does have one, and use those extra pages in TCSC for another strip.

I don't think the TITAN WARS strip is near as good as the other ones in the book either artwise or storywise, but I do realize this is a book for amateurs. I do hope you get strips at least as good as Parker's PROTECTOR. Parker is good in lettering, story, figures, and basic inking, but I think he should work on background and detail.I would suggest you tell him to try to get hold of some zip-a-tone or cross lining or dots in pen detail.

I am looking forward to ANOTHER ONE AND SISTER BOOK.

David Mowry

(YOU KNOW DAVID, YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT "G". I THINK I WILL DROP IT - IF NOBODY MINDS?)

[illegible] very [illegible] end. The cover was much better than last issue [illegible] one, and [illegible] story was well [illegible] The only [illegible] It might be [illegible] to think that a large backlog of stories might prevent [illegible] from being seen for [illegible] a year or more) this way, more would be seen more often.

One thing though. [illegible] is wrong. I think it's [illegible] but I could be incorrect. I think you had it where [illegible] should have been [illegible] in the book. Just thought I'd warn you because somebody might get uptight about it. (I don't in the light of my many mistakes.)

This magazine is great though. It's inspired me to do my own story (based on a story I did for myself 3 years ago) about a guy named "[illegible]". It would be self-contained with a touch of "[illegible]" thrown in. It'll take me two months to do two pages, but I'll get it done eventually. A [illegible] is enclosed and be warned! I'll send it as soon as I get it done.

YES on editorials-NO to other types of text.

Brian A. Morris
Georgetown, Ill

(I CAN [illegible] TIM, IF YOU DON'T LEARN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "TO", "TOO", AND "TWO", YOU'LL BE SORRY SOMEDAY! I'M SORRY ALREADY! ANYWAY BRIAN, GLAD YOU LIKE THE MAG. IT SEEMS TCSC #3 REALLY [illegible] FANDOME KIND - I COULD'NT BE HAPPIER!)

Dear Mr. Corrigan-I saw your ad in THE BUYERS GUIDE and was very impressed. I would like to contribute to your magazine very much. If you would like to see my work please write back. I would like to work with a writer on a superhero series. Hoping to hear from you soon.

Frank Alarcon
Nutley, N.J.

(TO FRANK AND ALL THE OTHERS WHO HAVE WRITTEN LETTERS SIMILAR TO THIS ONE, PLEASE SEND ME A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE...IT WOULD ALSO BE NICE IF YOU BOUGHT A COPY OF THE BLAMED MAGAZINE! AAARRRGGH!!)

Dear Tim-Although TCSC #3 was great, I'll sit back and pick about mistakes because I have never found a perfect comic (pro or amateur) and the only way to improve is reconizing your mistakes.

The GARGUS story was much better than last time. The art was more detailed, the diologue was much better. At first I thought you could-nt write but you are proving me wrong.

Elasticworm was below par but considering you wrote it at age nine, it was great.

THE TITAN WARS disagreed with me. The art was good, but I reread the story and reread it and found no plot.

The PROTECTOR was the best feature of the book and one of the best fan strips I've seen. Just one question, why is Charley Parker doing amateur work when he should be a pro.

As it stands now, TCSC contains different characters in each issue, probably until you have regular characters. I say nay! Once you have set characters, you stop the flow of new characters. I suggest you take the most popular characters and give them their own 'zine.

Daryl S. Herrick
Belchertown, Mass.

Tim-TCSC #3 was better in my opinion than either of the other two. Partly because of the variety of art styles, partly because of the unexpectedly good GARGUS story, and mostly because you printed my letter. The whole atmosphere of this issue seemed charged with fanish enthusiasm. Your editorial gave a great rebuttal to the "Your magazine stinks" philosophy. Your "Why are there fanzines" article is exactly the way I feel, and even the letters were super interesting. I think you should have a longer letters section. I realize that you've got a limited space and to expand the letter column you'd have to cut down on comics but how about putting out a mimiograph or ditto SUPPLEMENT with pages on pages of all your mail? That way we'd all get to read what the rest of us are saying, and even better, you'd have two extra pages of comics. After all, why waste the offset on words when pict-

...lack much belief. If you don't go for ... look as much belief. If you don't go for ... you could leave in the two pages of ... you picked for publication and offer the ... letters picked for publication and offer the ... letters picked for publication and offer the ... writers as an entirely different site. ... writers as an entirely different site. ... be willing to pay for it. ... be willing to pay for it. ... strips, as I mentioned, ... strips, as I mentioned, ... because of their artistic ... because of their artistic ... like Charley's art more than Charley ... like Charley's art more than Charley ... I liked Karl's art quite good (and ... I liked Karl's art quite good (and ... their both quite good (and ... their both quite good (and ... sitting in the wings. ... sitting in the wings. ... really brings ... really brings ... the money after really brings ... the money after really brings ... I take back what I said about you ... I take back what I said about you ... offer cash. If you can get that ... offer cash. If you can get that ... working with you, you're bound to ... working with you, you're bound to ... fantastic stuff sooner or ... fantastic stuff sooner or ... Karl's art looked rather static, that ... Karl's art looked rather static, that ... wasn't as much movement in the fig ... wasn't as much movement in the fig ... strip as a whole as in Charleys. ... strip as a whole as in Charleys. ... was a superhero strip ... was a superhero strip ... naturally lends it elf to action- ... naturally lends it elf to action- ... art where as THE TITAN WARS was Science ... art where as THE TITAN WARS was Science ... not really as action oriented. Even ... not really as action oriented. Even ... there was either di-emphasized ... there was either di-emphasized ... "off-camera" like on page 1, ... "off-camera" like on page 1, ... 3 where powers storms out of the ... 3 where powers storms out of the ... don't even see him. To do this ... don't even see him. To do this ... a great deal of subtlety, and ... a great deal of subtlety, and ... to pull it off. ... to pull it off.

The art on the PROTECTOR was of the clear, crisp type that goes well with the superhero ...ythos.Because the story was more complicated ...though, Charley seemed to have more trouble ...with his continuity than Karl. F'rinstance on ...page 4 the Protector knocks down three flunk- ...ies, then faces a TV camera and says he just ...knocked down three flunkies. All charley show- ...ed in panel 7 was the protector and the TV ...camera. I think it would have been better to ...show some unconcious flunkies in the back- ...ground. Besides a few sore spots like that, ...the story as technically okay. Even great in ...spots! Did you notice that in the fights ...Charley kept most of the actions equal and ...opposite? On page 2, Panels 4-5, the Protector ...punches to the left then blasts to the right; ...on page 4 a ray-gun zaps to the left and Pro- ...tector zaps to the right; then on page 6, pan- ...els 4-6 the action goes left-right-left in a ...zig-zag across the page. I wonder of Charley ...does it on purpose or if it just comes natur- ...ally. Ahev though the art was nice, the stor- ...ies, alas, did'nt make it.

Really, Tim, I think you should ask to see the scripts before you tell the artist to go ahead on the strip. I don't enjoy reading first installments of a series that I'll prob- able never see again. Karls TITAN WARS story was particularly frustrating because it was so interesting and it got me wondering what was going to happen when they got to Titan. If at all possible, I would like to see more of this strip. The PROTECTOR, however, wasn't even very good as a first part story. It left way to much unexplained, like whats his powers? That's usually made clear right off the bat in any superherotale, but all we know about the protector is that he shoots something from his hands, and he likes to jump around alot! If you would supervise scripts, this sort of thing would be avoided. It's either that or have everybody do strips about the same char- acter, which would be a mess. If you haven't got the time (or patience) to look over sub- mitted scripts, there must be somebody you know who would be willing to do it. Perhaps one of your readers who really cares about scripts and who takes the time to write long letters of comment and, anem, well, maybe you know somebody like that.

Besides the major plot drawbacks, the stories are well written, I liked the set of charact- ers in Karls strip, but then I always have been partial to robots. Karl has one excellent scene transition. Page 2, panel 5-6. Beutifully ironic. Charley Parker, as you said, does develop his characters very well. The story was also well paced. With a little practice and better plot he could go pro, if that's any compliment. Charley also had a nice scene change, Page 5, panel 2-4. It flowed togeather without a crack.

Getting to the PROTECTOR story, you recall I said it was "Reflectedly good". Well, it's true. The previous PROTECTOR stories seemed to be no big fights that were pale imitations of you-know-whos new-you-know-whats (?) They in no way prepared me for the colossal master- piece this issue! In fact, one of the reasons it appealed to me so much is that I wasn't expecting something so good. Anyway I really liked "The Origin Of Gargus" because it seemed like something out of Mythology or ancient epic poems. I gotta' admit; you don't mess around when it comes to origin stories. The destruction of an entire solar system! The construction of a mile-high space ship!! The conquering of the final prejudice!!! The spiritual absorption of 6 billion people!!!! The creation of the ultimate artistic master- piece!!!!! All this and Jesus Christ thrown in for good measure!!!!!! With all this, It'd be hard to go wrong!! The story itself delt with the age old theme of glory rising from the ashes. A planet full of people, their civilization crumbling, their doom fast app- roaching, turn from the external chaos to find inner-peace and self-fullfillment in the pre- servation of Knowledge. I've always loved doomed civilizations. The Origin of Superman, The last days of Pompeii, the legend of Atlan- tis, The fall of Nazi Germany, all doomed and all great!! Sure,"The Origin Of Gargus" had certain obvious faults like;Why didn't the population of the planet leave in spaceships? If they could build one mile-high computer spaceship, why not enough to just get them out of there instead? If the civilization was"re- duced to rubble" on page 2, how'd they manu- facture the parts for the gigantic spaceship? and besides that, panels 3 & 4 on pg.3 are basically the same and you can do without one of them . Panels 3 & 4 would have been much better done as long shots,BUT...All these flaws shrink to insignificance when viewed as part of the colossal epic of the death of a planet and the creation of the soul-machine.. OMNUS! The pseudo-religious implications of the story were all preaty much acceptable to me except for the absorption of the planets population into OMNUS. I can't see why they were so happy to give up their individuality to become merely a "piece" of the whole. Tot- ally indistinguishable from the other parts. Sometimes I feel this is what modern civil- ization is drawing up to, and I don't like it. I would perfer to think of OMNUS as the supreme artistic creation of the entire population, who faced with death anyway, gave up their "Life energy" and knowledge in one final orgy of creation on the brink of destruction.Kill- ing themselves, of course, but leaving their "souls" unattached to Omnus and free to go on to whereever it is they usually go on to.

I would'nt be very interested in "Text mat- erial". Keep it all comics.

Keep flyin'!

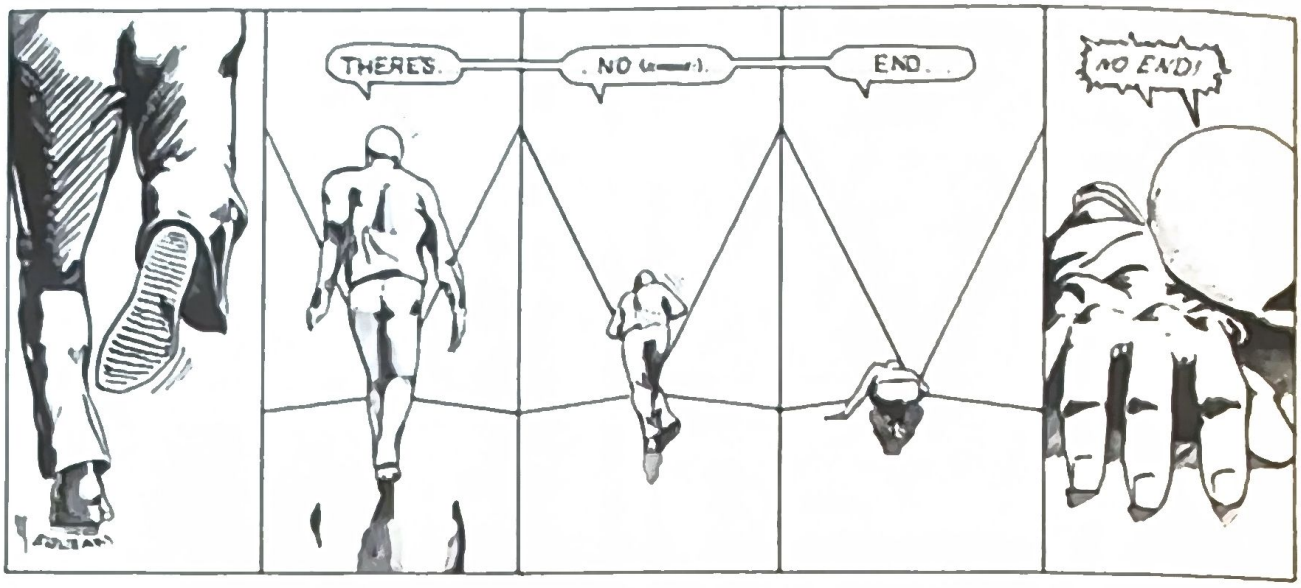
Matt Peazell
Carbondale, Ill.

(I WOULD NOT USUALLY PRINT A LETTER AS LONG AS MATT'S, I JUST WANTED TO ILLUSTRATE HOW INVOLVED SOME FANS BECOME IN PROJECTS LIKE TCSC! MATT'S IS A "MODEL" LETTER. CAREFULLY AND THOUGHTFULLY WRITTEN, IT WAS A JOY TO READ. THANKS FOR CARING MATT!)

Dear Tim-I recieved my first copy of TCSC yesterday, and I enjoyed it very much. It has more life than 90% of the professional comics. I am just starting to become involved in Fan- dom, and am having a ball! I got tired of not having any people to talk to about fantastic things. I am enclosing a S.A.S.E. Be sure to write back.

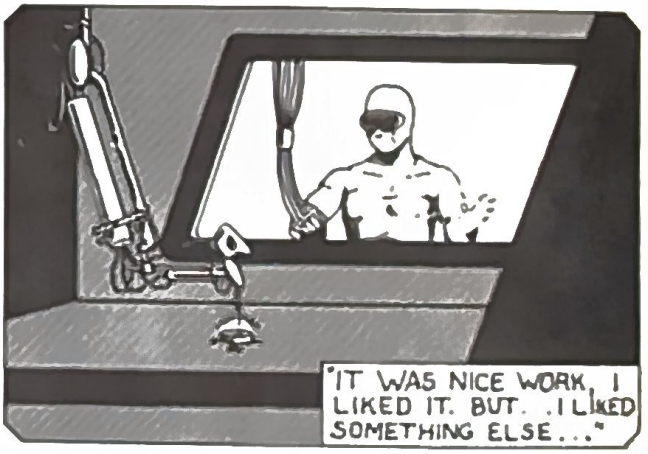
Dan sweet
2023 Benninghofen Ave.
Hamilton, Ohio 45015

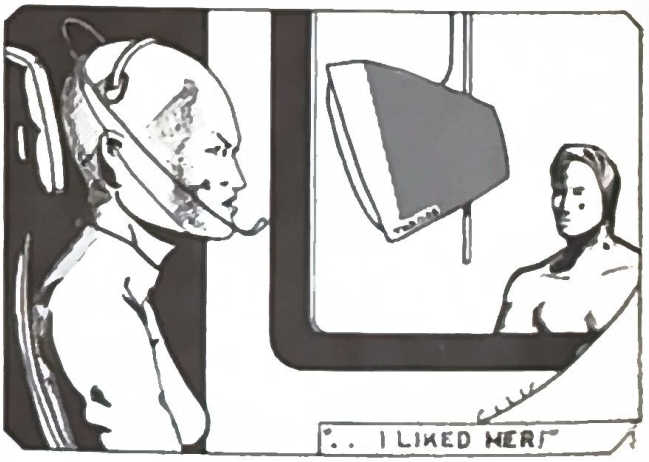
(YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE PLENTY OF PEOPLE TO TALK TO NOW, DAN! ALRIGHT READERS, LETS DROP DAN A FEW LETTERS AND LET HIM KNOW WHAT FAN- DOM IS ALL ABOUT!)

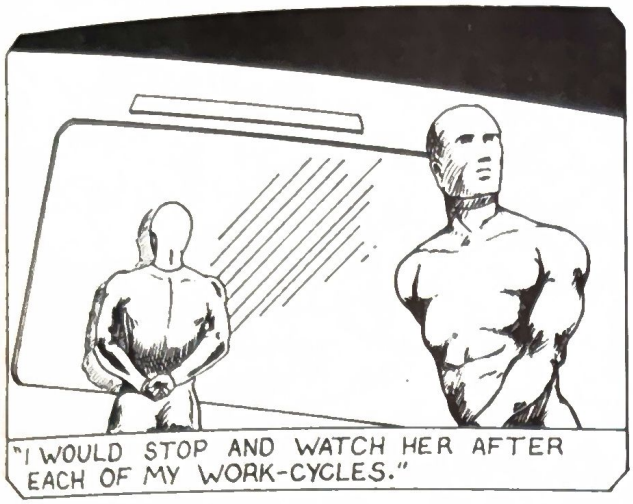


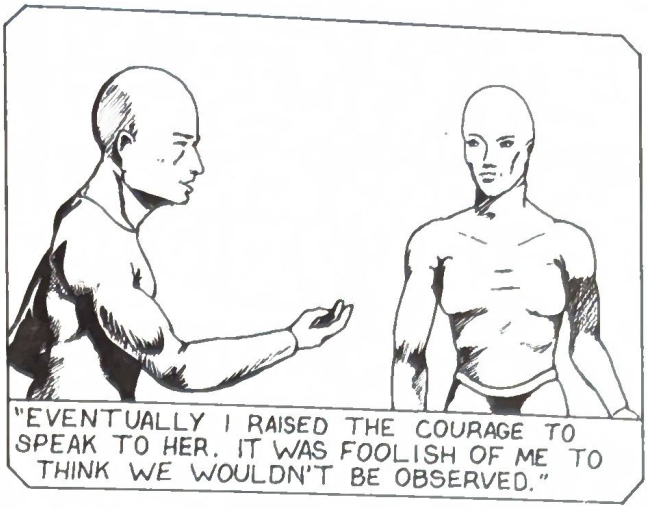
THE HALLWAY

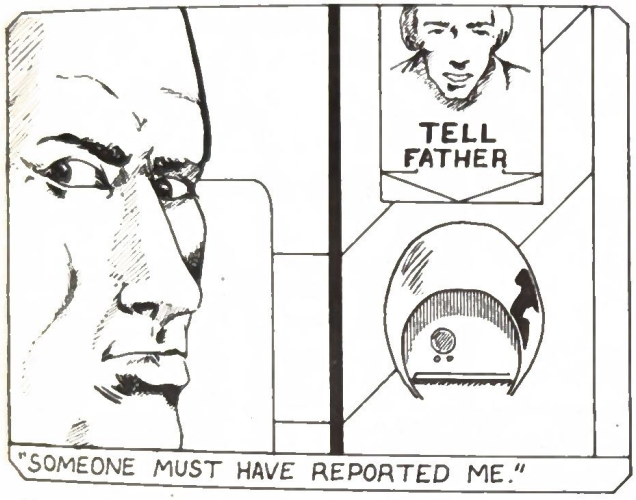
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED ~ W. M. PATTERSON -75-



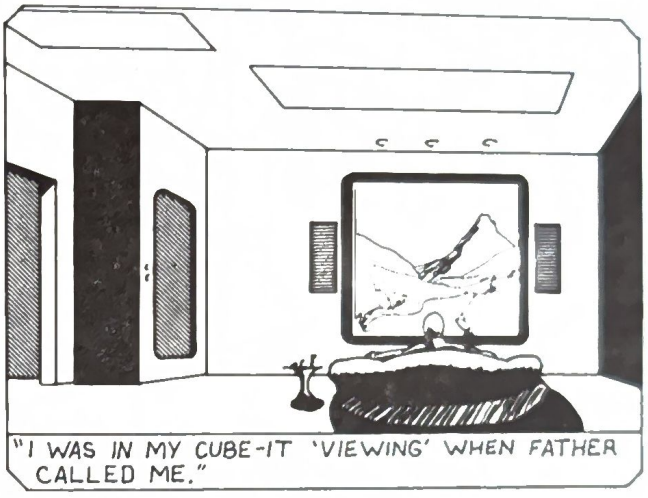


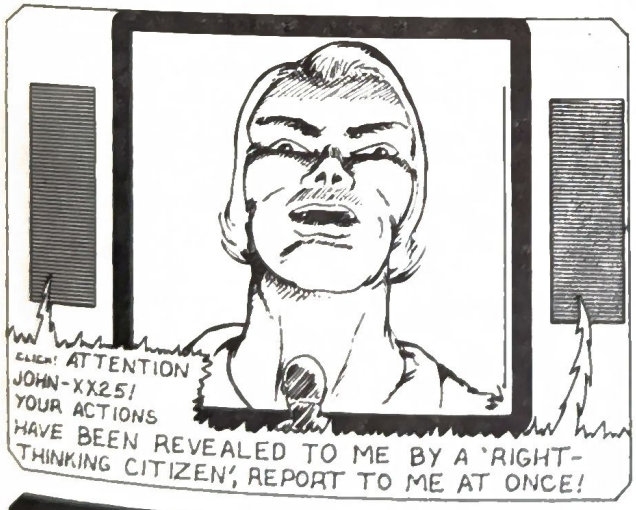

"I WOULD STOP AND WATCH HER AFTER EACH OF MY WORK-CYCLES."

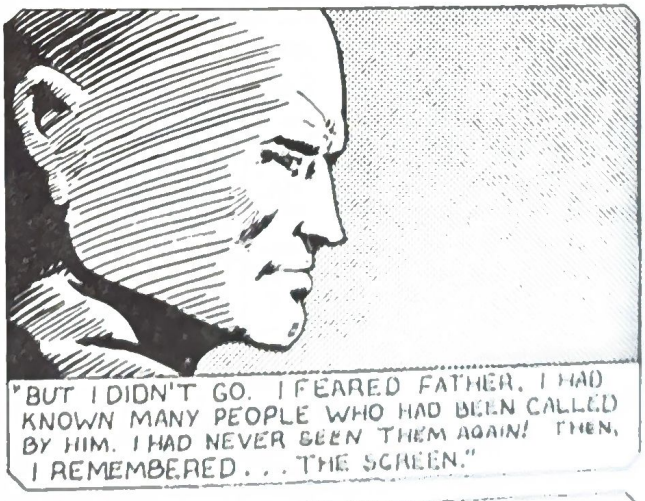

"EVENTUALLY I RAISED THE COURAGE TO SPEAK TO HER. IT WAS FOOLISH OF ME TO THINK WE WOULDN'T BE OBSERVED."

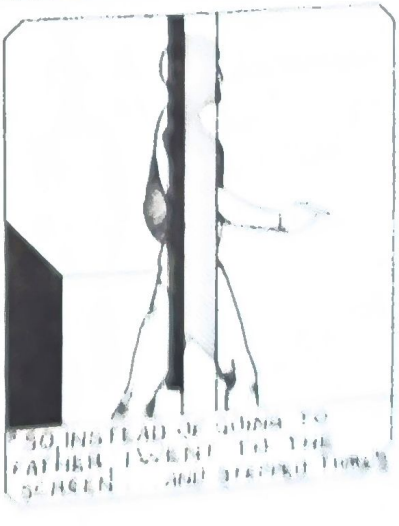


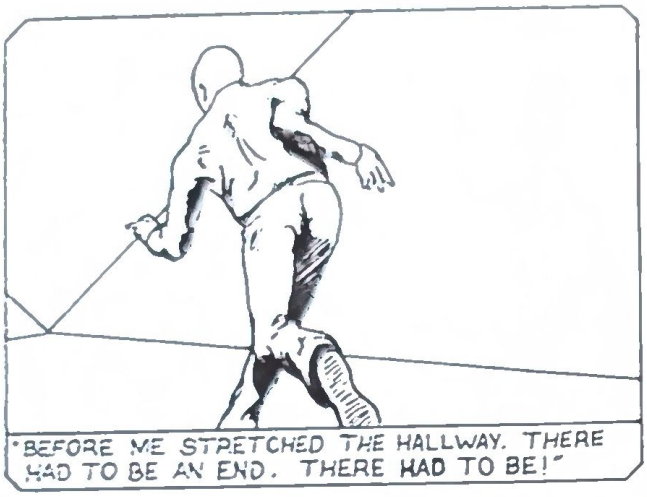
"SOMEONE MUST HAVE REPORTED ME."

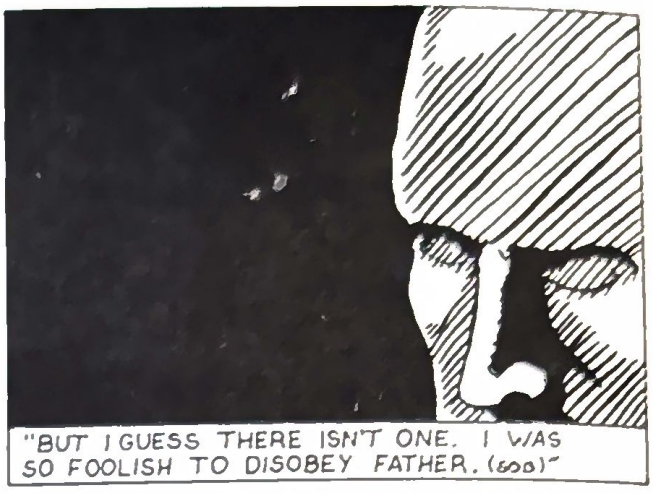

"I WAS IN MY CUBE-IT 'VIEWING' WHEN FATHER CALLED ME."

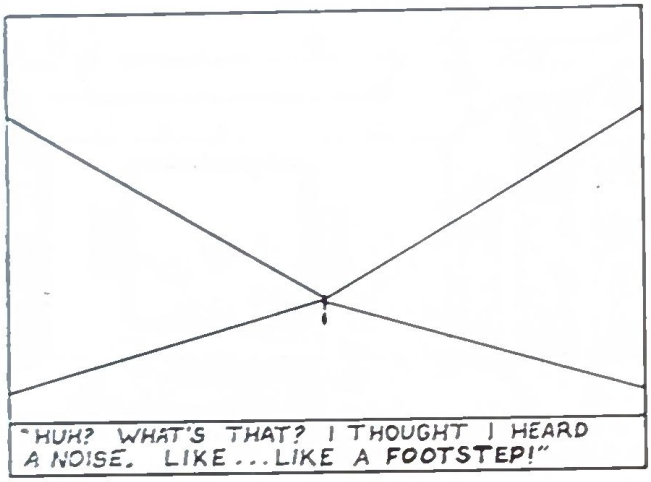


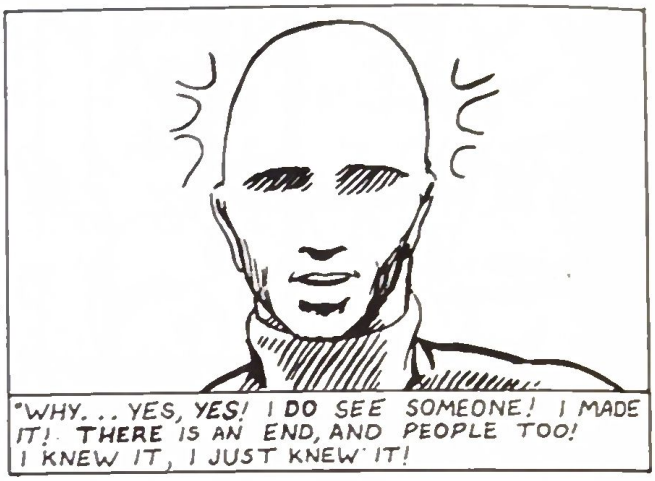

"BUT I DIDN'T GO. I FEARED FATHER. I HAD KNOWN MANY PEOPLE WHO HAD BEEN CALLED BY HIM. I HAD NEVER BEEN THEM AGAIN! THEN, I REMEMBERED... THE SCREEN."

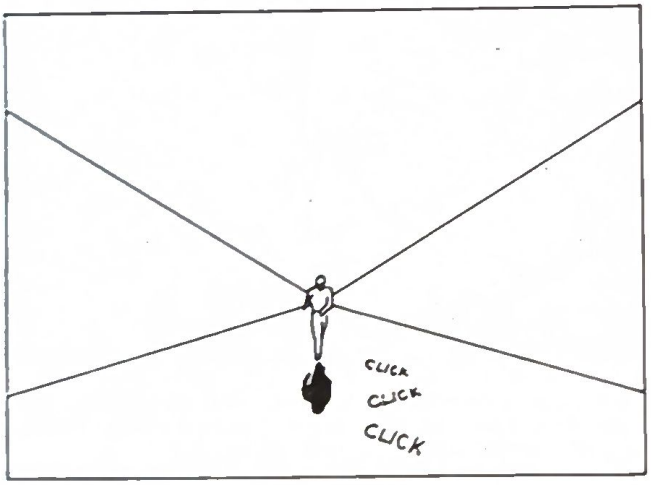



"BEFORE ME STRETCHED THE HALLWAY. THERE HAD TO BE AN END. THERE HAD TO BE!"

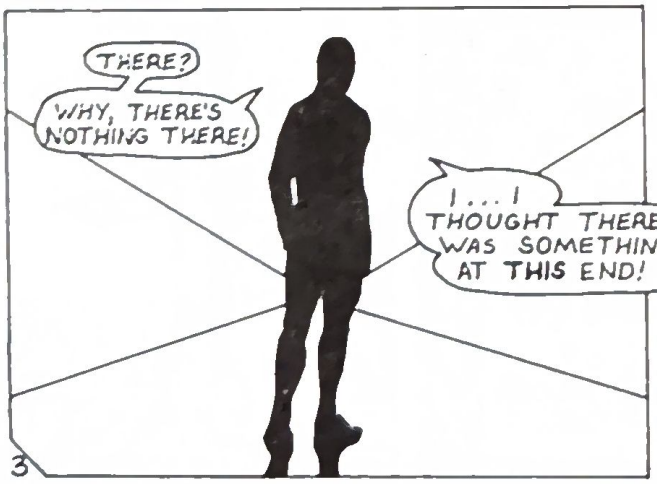

"BUT I GUESS THERE ISN'T ONE. I WAS SO FOOLISH TO DISOBEY FATHER. (GOD)"


"HUH? WHAT'S THAT? I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE. LIKE...LIKE A FOOTSTEP!"

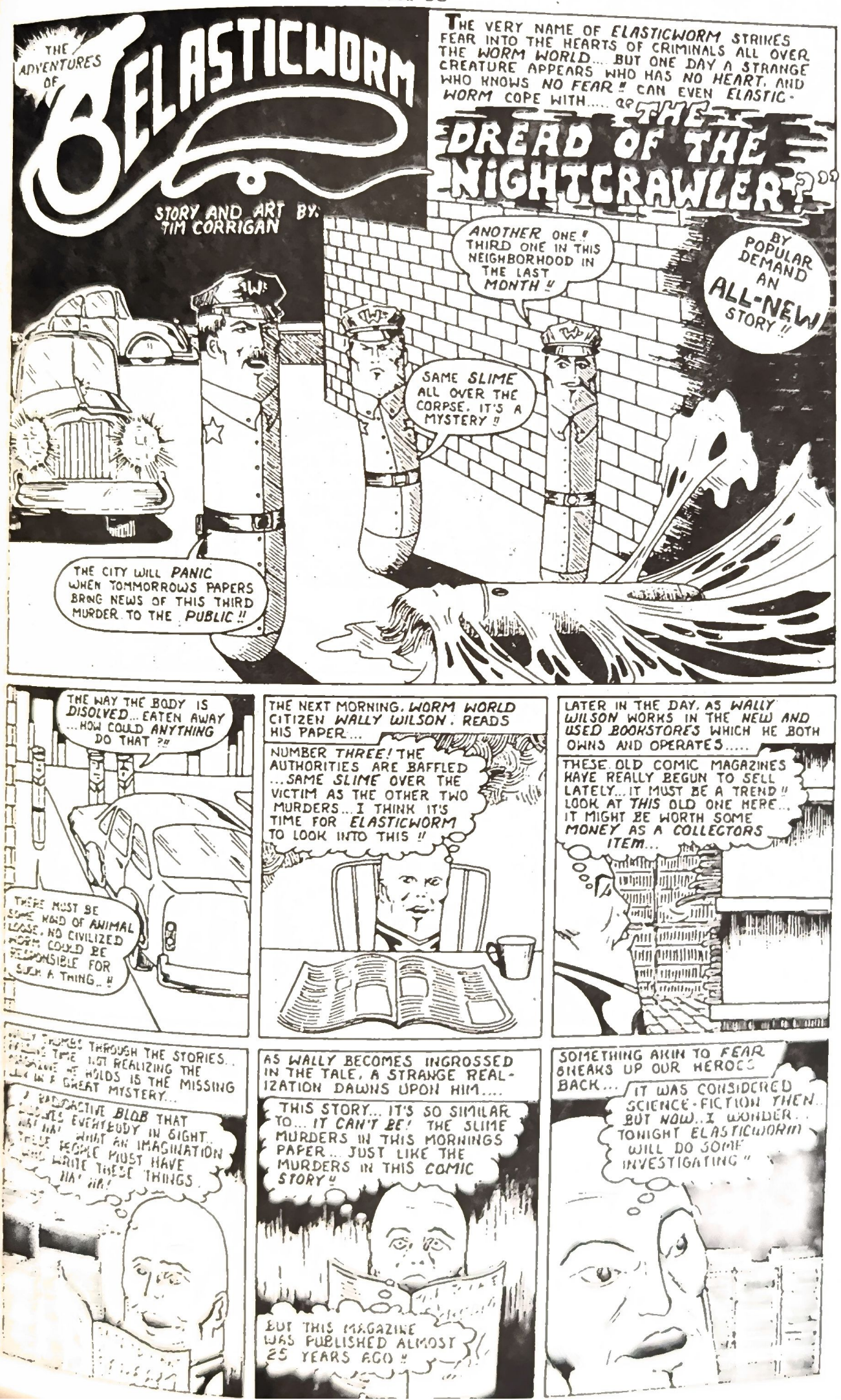

"WHY... YES, YES! I DO SEE SOMEONE! I MADE IT! THERE IS AN END, AND PEOPLE TOO! I KNEW IT, I JUST KNEW IT!

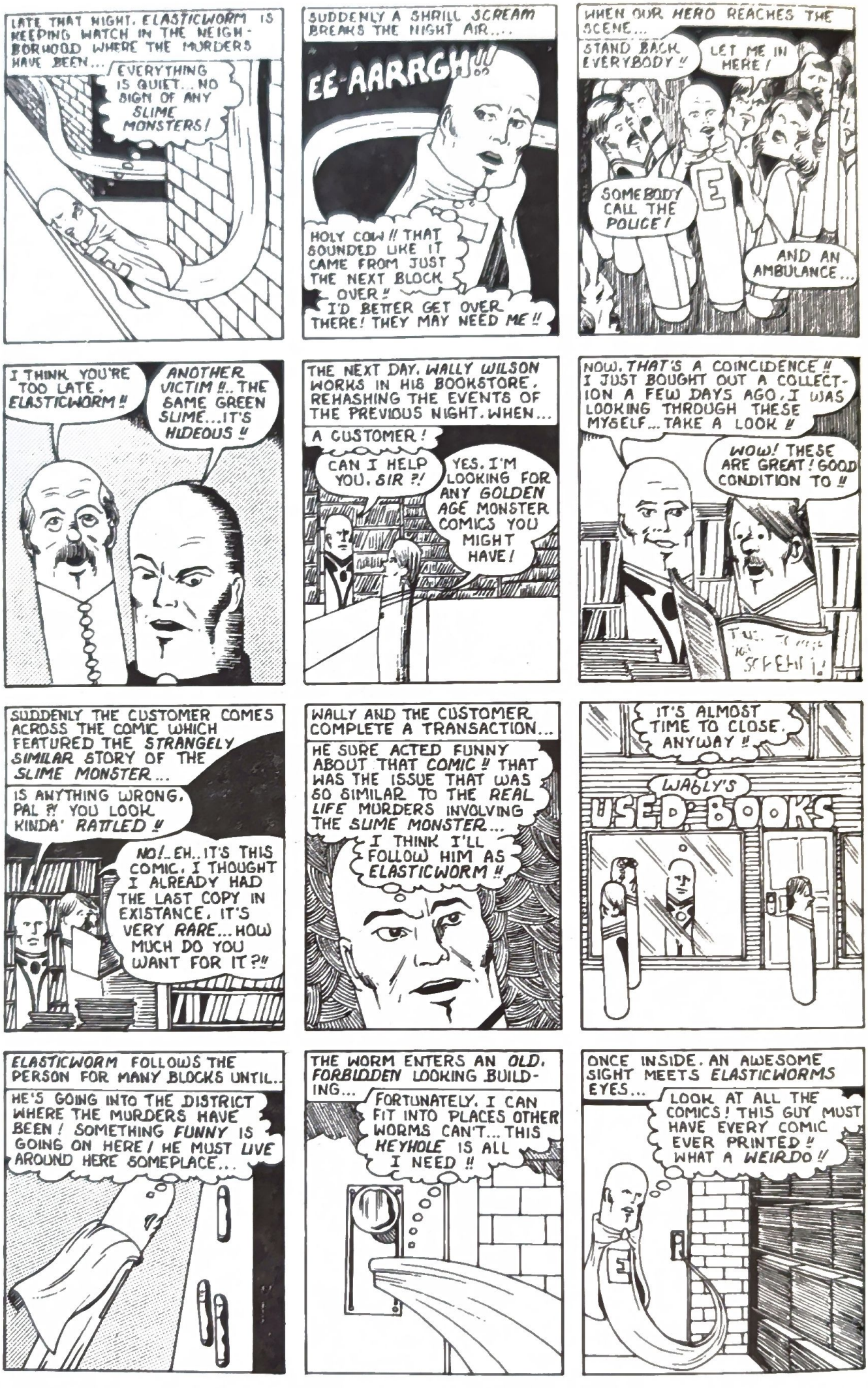

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

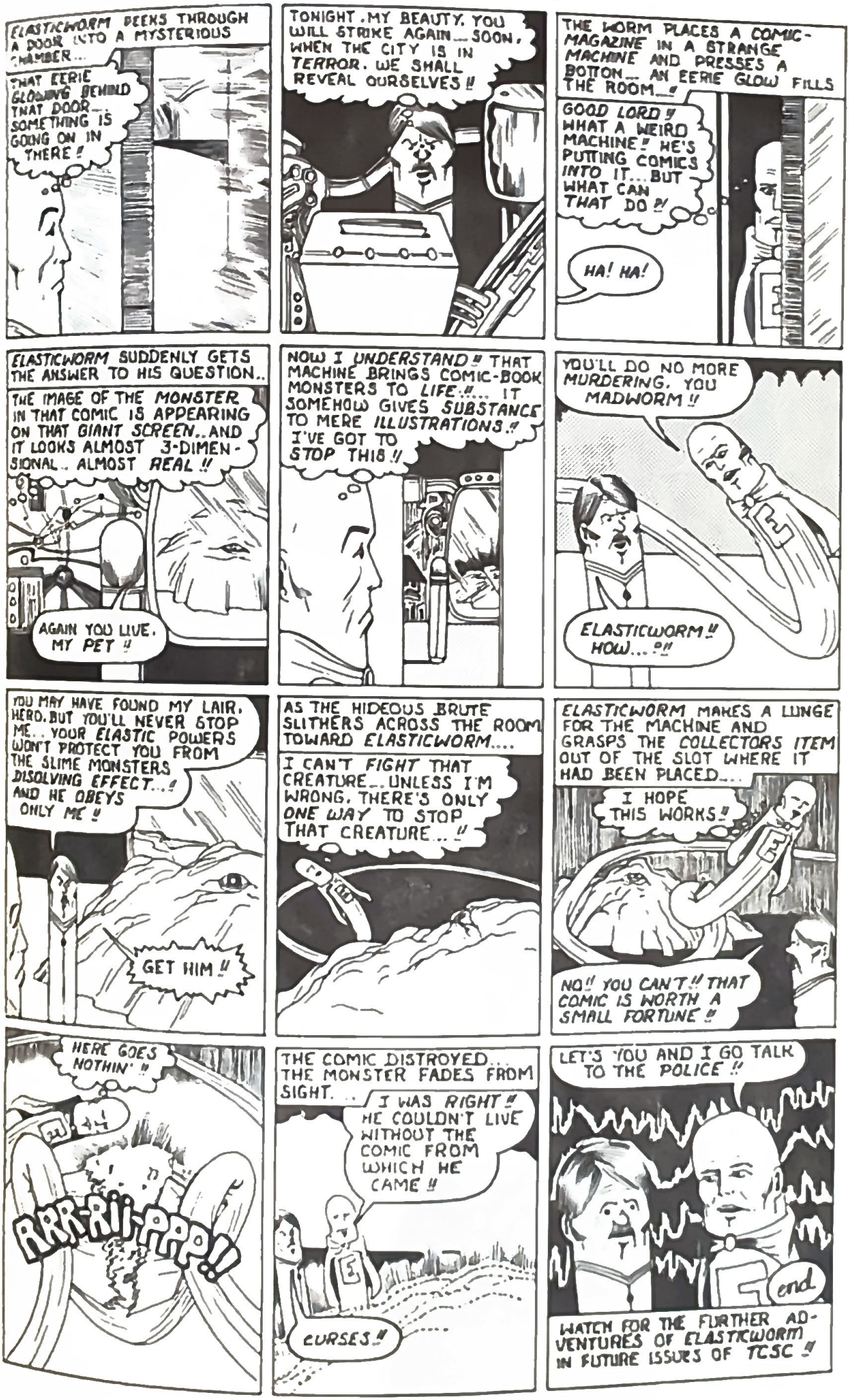
HELLO!... YOU THERE, TELL ME...THE PLACE YOU CAME FROM, THE OTHER END, WHAT'S THERE? WHAT IS IT??!


THERE?
WHY, THERE'S NOTHING THERE!
I... I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING AT THIS END!
3

NO!
NO!
END


THE ADVENTURES OF
ELASTICWORM
STORY AND ART BY: TIM CORRIGAN
THE VERY NAME OF ELASTICWORM STRIKES FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF CRIMINALS ALL OVER THE WORM WORLD... BUT ONE DAY A STRANGE CREATURE APPEARS WHO HAS NO HEART, AND WHO KNOWS NO FEAR!! CAN EVEN ELASTICWORM COPE WITH..... "THE DREAD OF THE NIGHTCRAWLER?"
BY POPULAR DEMAND AN ALL-NEW STORY!!
ANOTHER ONE! THIRD ONE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE LAST MONTH!!
SAME SLIME ALL OVER THE CORPSE. IT'S A MYSTERY!!
THE CITY WILL PANIC WHEN TOMMORROWS PAPERS BRING NEWS OF THIS THIRD MURDER TO THE PUBLIC!!
THE WAY THE BODY IS DISOLVED... EATEN AWAY ...HOW COULD ANYTHING DO THAT?!!
THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF ANIMAL LOOSE. NO CIVILIZED WORM COULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR SUCH A THING..!!
THE NEXT MORNING, WORM WORLD CITIZEN WALLY WILSON, READS HIS PAPER...
NUMBER THREE! THE AUTHORITIES ARE BAFFLED ...SAME SLIME OVER THE VICTIM AS THE OTHER TWO MURDERS... I THINK IT'S TIME FOR ELASTICWORM TO LOOK INTO THIS!!
LATER IN THE DAY, AS WALLY WILSON WORKS IN THE NEW AND USED BOOKSTORES WHICH HE BOTH OWNS AND OPERATES.....
THESE OLD COMIC MAGAZINES HAVE REALLY BEGUN TO SELL LATELY... IT MUST BE A TREND!! LOOK AT THIS OLD ONE HERE... IT MIGHT BE WORTH SOME MONEY AS A COLLECTORS ITEM...
THROUGH THE STORIES... NOT REALIZING THE HOLDS IS THE MISSING A GREAT MYSTERY...
A RADIOACTIVE BLOB THAT EVERYBODY IN SIGHT... WHAT AN IMAGINATION PEOPLE MUST HAVE WHO WRITE THESE THINGS. HA! HA!
AS WALLY BECOMES INGROSSED IN THE TALE, A STRANGE REALIZATION DAWNS UPON HIM....
THIS STORY... IT'S SO SIMILAR TO... IT CAN'T BE! THE SLIME MURDERS IN THIS MORNINGS PAPER... JUST LIKE THE MURDERS IN THIS COMIC STORY!!
BUT THIS MAGAZINE WAS PUBLISHED ALMOST 25 YEARS AGO!!
SOMETHING AKIN TO FEAR SNEAKS UP OUR HEROES BACK...
IT WAS CONSIDERED SCIENCE-FICTION THEN.. BUT NOW.. I WONDER.. TONIGHT ELASTICWORM WILL DO SOME INVESTIGATING"


LATE THAT NIGHT. ELASTICWORM IS KEEPING WATCH IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE THE MURDERS HAVE BEEN...
EVERYTHING IS QUIET.. NO SIGN OF ANY SLIME MONSTERS!
SUDDENLY A SHRILL SCREAM BREAKS THE NIGHT AIR....
EE-AARRGH!!
HOLY COW!! THAT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM JUST THE NEXT BLOCK OVER!! I'D BETTER GET OVER THERE! THEY MAY NEED ME!!
WHEN OUR HERO REACHES THE SCENE...
STAND BACK EVERYBODY!!
LET ME IN HERE!
SOMEBODY CALL THE POLICE!
AND AN AMBULANCE...
I THINK YOU'RE TOO LATE. ELASTICWORM!!
ANOTHER VICTIM!! THE SAME GREEN SLIME...IT'S HIDEOUS!!
THE NEXT DAY. WALLY WILSON WORKS IN HIS BOOKSTORE. REHASHING THE EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT. WHEN...
A CUSTOMER!
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?!
YES. I'M LOOKING FOR ANY GOLDEN AGE MONSTER COMICS YOU MIGHT HAVE!
NOW, THAT'S A COINCIDENCE!! I JUST BOUGHT OUT A COLLECTION A FEW DAYS AGO, I WAS LOOKING THROUGH THESE MYSELF... TAKE A LOOK!!
WOW! THESE ARE GREAT! GOOD CONDITION TO!!
SUDDENLY THE CUSTOMER COMES ACROSS THE COMIC WHICH FEATURED THE STRANGELY SIMILAR STORY OF THE SLIME MONSTER...
IS ANYTHING WRONG, PAL?! YOU LOOK KINDA' RATTLED!!
NO!.. EH.. IT'S THIS COMIC. I THOUGHT I ALREADY HAD THE LAST COPY IN EXISTANCE. IT'S VERY RARE... HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT?!!
WALLY AND THE CUSTOMER COMPLETE A TRANSACTION...
HE SURE ACTED FUNNY ABOUT THAT COMIC!! THAT WAS THE ISSUE THAT WAS SO SIMILAR TO THE REAL LIFE MURDERS INVOLVING THE SLIME MONSTER...
I THINK I'LL FOLLOW HIM AS ELASTICWORM!!
IT'S ALMOST TIME TO CLOSE. ANYWAY!!
WALLY'S
USED BOOKS
ELASTICWORM FOLLOWS THE PERSON FOR MANY BLOCKS UNTIL..
HE'S GOING INTO THE DISTRICT WHERE THE MURDERS HAVE BEEN! SOMETHING FUNNY IS GOING ON HERE! HE MUST LIVE AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE...
THE WORM ENTERS AN OLD, FORBIDDEN LOOKING BUILDING...
FORTUNATELY, I CAN FIT INTO PLACES OTHER WORMS CAN'T... THIS KEYHOLE IS ALL I NEED!!
ONCE INSIDE. AN AWESOME SIGHT MEETS ELASTICWORMS EYES...
LOOK AT ALL THE COMICS! THIS GUY MUST HAVE EVERY COMIC EVER PRINTED!! WHAT A WEIRDO!!


ELASTICWORM PEEKS THROUGH A DOOR INTO A MYSTERIOUS CHAMBER...
WHAT EERIE GLOWING BEHIND THAT DOOR... SOMETHING IS GOING ON IN THERE!
TONIGHT, MY BEAUTY, YOU WILL STRIKE AGAIN... SOON, WHEN THE CITY IS IN TERROR. WE SHALL REVEAL OURSELVES!!
THE WORM PLACES A COMIC-MAGAZINE IN A STRANGE MACHINE AND PRESSES A BOTTON... AN EERIE GLOW FILLS THE ROOM...!
GOOD LORD!! WHAT A WEIRD MACHINE! HE'S PUTTING COMICS INTO IT... BUT WHAT CAN THAT DO?!
HA! HA!
ELASTICWORM SUDDENLY GETS THE ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION..
THE IMAGE OF THE MONSTER IN THAT COMIC IS APPEARING ON THAT GIANT SCREEN.. AND IT LOOKS ALMOST 3-DIMENSIONAL.. ALMOST REAL!!
AGAIN YOU LIVE, MY PET!!
NOW I UNDERSTAND!! THAT MACHINE BRINGS COMIC-BOOK MONSTERS TO LIFE!!... IT SOMEHOW GIVES SUBSTANCE TO MERE ILLUSTRATIONS!! I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS!!
YOU'LL DO NO MORE MURDERING, YOU MADWORM!!
ELASTICWORM!! HOW...?!!
YOU MAY HAVE FOUND MY LAIR, HERD. BUT YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME.. YOUR ELASTIC POWERS WON'T PROTECT YOU FROM THE SLIME MONSTERS DISOLVING EFFECT...! AND HE OBEYS ONLY ME!!
GET HIM!!
AS THE HIDEOUS BRUTE SLITHERS ACROSS THE ROOM TOWARD ELASTICWORM....
I CAN'T FIGHT THAT CREATURE... UNLESS I'M WRONG. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THAT CREATURE...!!
ELASTICWORM MAKES A LUNGE FOR THE MACHINE AND GRASPS THE COLLECTORS ITEM OUT OF THE SLOT WHERE IT HAD BEEN PLACED...
I HOPE THIS WORKS!!
NO!! YOU CAN'T!! THAT COMIC IS WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE!!
HERE GOES NOTHIN'!!
RRR-RI-RRR!!
THE COMIC DISTROYED... THE MONSTER FADES FROM SIGHT...
I WAS RIGHT!! HE COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT THE COMIC FROM WHICH HE CAME!!
CURSES!!
LET'S YOU AND I GO TALK TO THE POLICE!!
end.
WATCH FOR THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ELASTICWORM IN FUTURE ISSURS OF TCSC!!

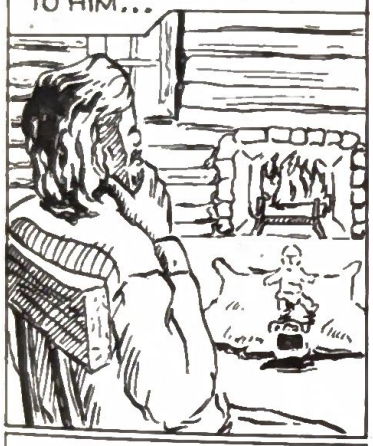
FROM A CULTURE OF OUR TIME AND BEYOND, COMES A BEING OF GREAT PURPOSE AND UNDERSTANDING. SOME MEN CALL HIM A CURSE, OTHERS CALL HIM A GIFT. BUT IT IS CERTAIN THAT HIS CHILDREN WILL CALL HIM...
TURUUL OF THE STARS!
THE SCENE: EARTH.
THE TIME : YESTERYEAR.
THE WORKS BY DALE A. BEACH

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO'VE EXPERIENCED THE JOYS OF A CLEAR SKY
YOU MAY HAVE SEEN SOMETHING LIKE THIS...
A FALLING STAR-- A METEOR.
AND, IF YOU COULD REALLY WISH UPON A STAR-
WHAT WOULD YOUR WISH BE?
SK-BOOM!!

HOLY CRUD!
JOSEPH MILLER, LOCAL "WITCH", WOODSMAN, AND HERMIT-- MAY HAVE BEEN MANY THINGS. BUT ONE THING HE MOST CERTAINLY WASN'T WAS DUMB. HE KNEW THAT WHEN A WOODEN HOUSE IS HIT BY A FLAMING METEOR--
IT SHOULD BURN!
HEAVY ON THE "SHOULD".
I..
JUST..
DON'T..
GET IT??

SO JOSEPH HAD A CHILD. OF COURSE, THE LOCALS LAUGHED. SAID, "MAYBE WE DIDN'T KNOW QUITE EVERYTHING ABOUT THE OLD MAN AFTER ALL!"

NOW JOSEPH RAISED HIS SON, KNOWING FULL WELL THAT ONE DAY HE'D HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO HIM...

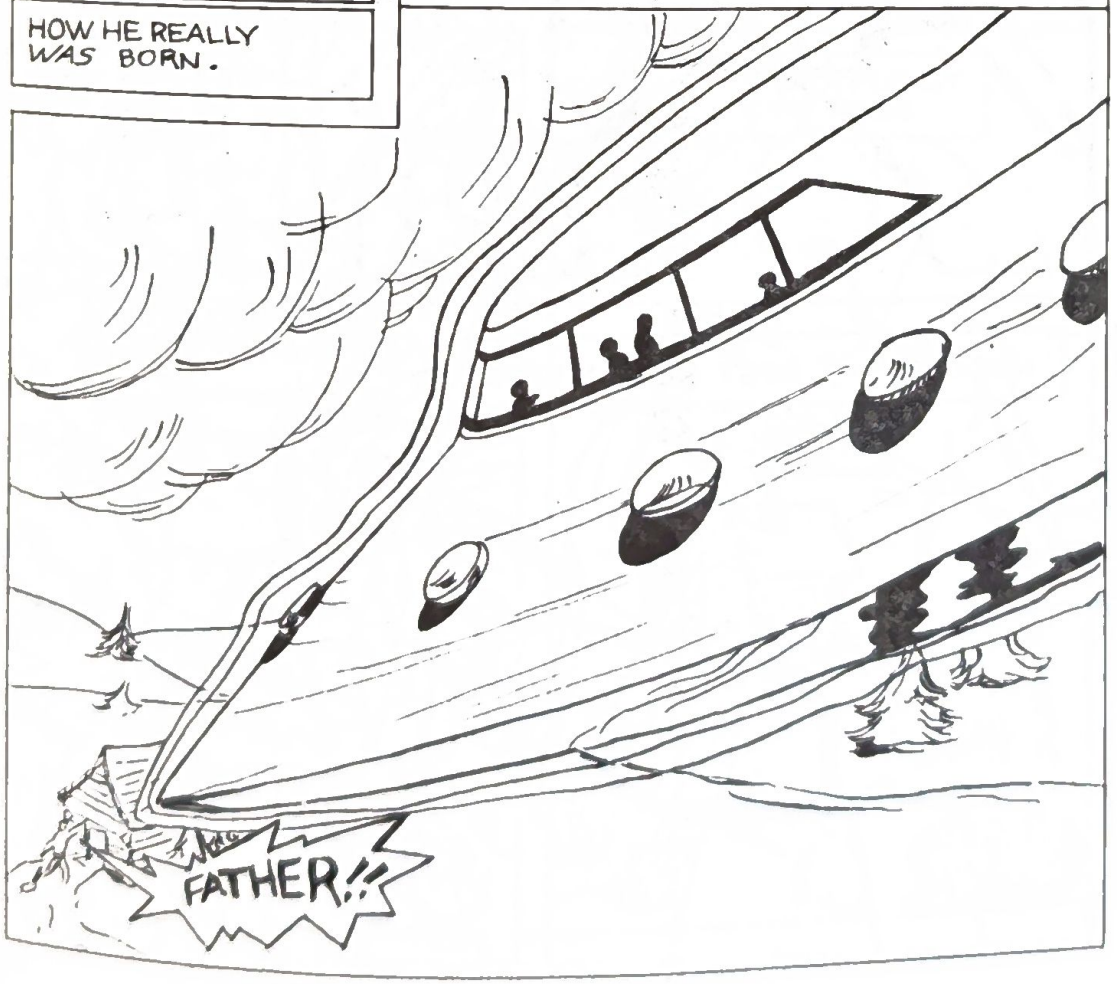


HOW HE REALLY *WAS* BORN.

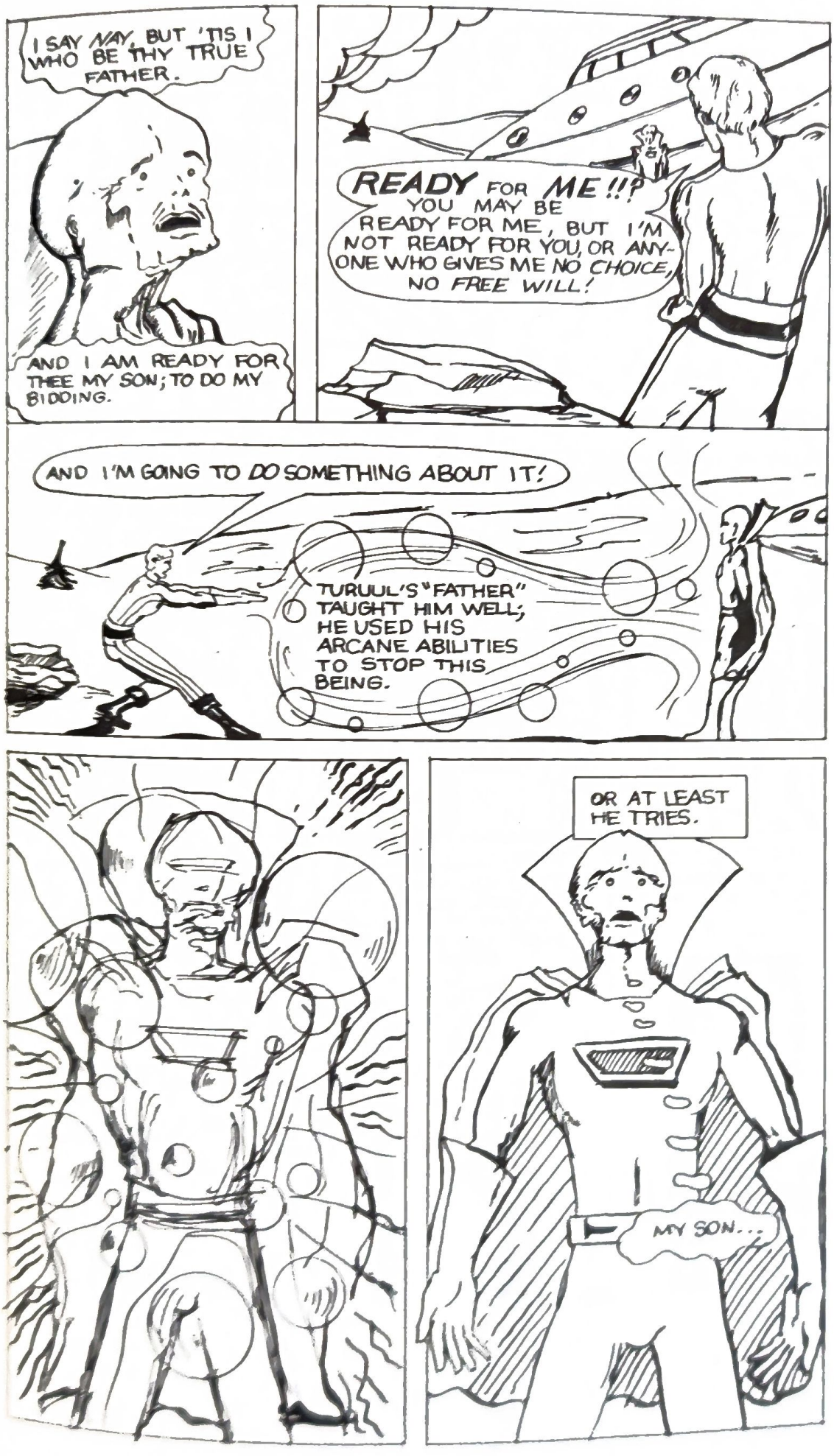
AND AS THE YEARS PASSED, ONE OF THEM GREW, AND ONE OF THEM GREW OLD. BUT JOSEPH STILL HAD HIS MIND, A MIND FULL OF CERTAIN- *ARTS*, AND *SKILLS*.

AND THE SON OF JOSEPH MASTERED THEM ALL.

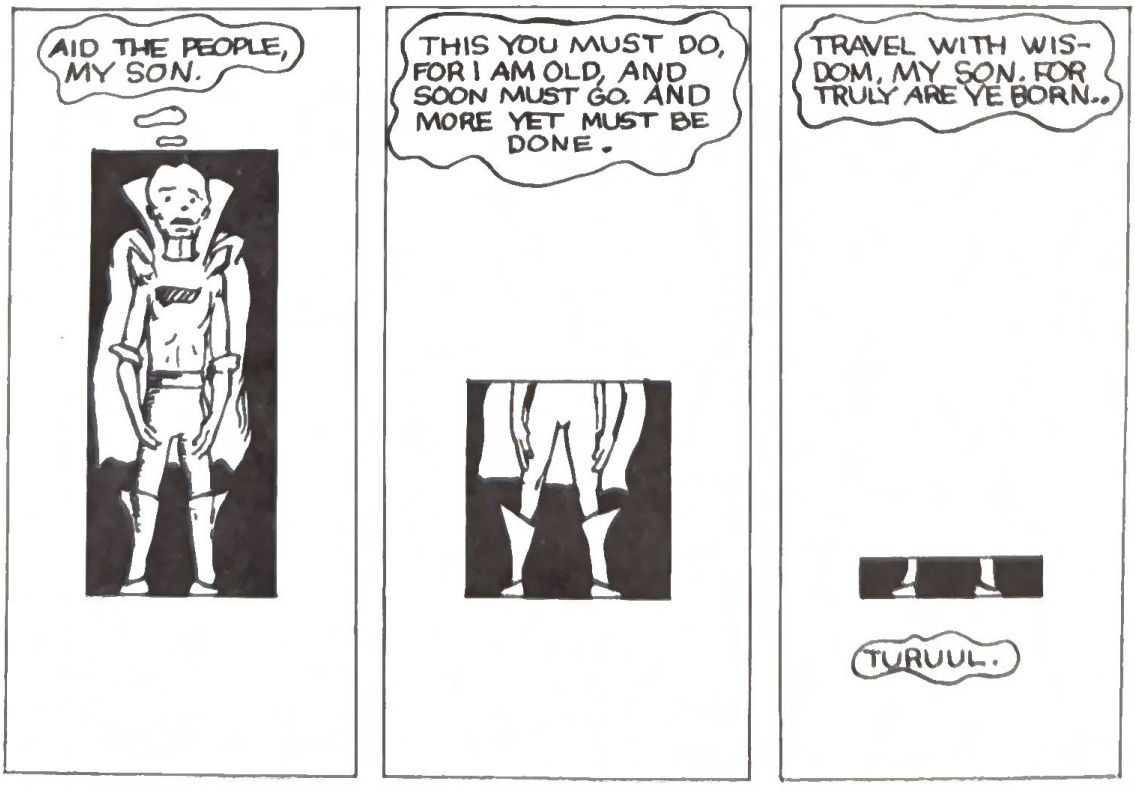
TILL ONE DAY, TWENTY YEARS AFTER AN ALMOST-FORGOTTEN METEOR--



JOSEPH HAS HAD MANY SHOCKS, MANY HARDSHIPS IN THIS LIFE. HE BADLY NEEDS A REST.
MMMM
MMMM
MMM
MM
THPP!
MAY JOSEPH'S REST BE PEACEFUL.
MY FATHER! YOU KILLED MY FATHER!


I SAY NAY, BUT 'TIS I WHO BE THY TRUE FATHER.
AND I AM READY FOR THEE MY SON; TO DO MY BIDDING.
READY FOR ME!!?
YOU MAY BE READY FOR ME, BUT I'M NOT READY FOR YOU, OR ANY-ONE WHO GIVES ME NO CHOICE, NO FREE WILL!
AND I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
TURUUL'S "FATHER" TAUGHT HIM WELL; HE USED HIS ARCANE ABILITIES TO STOP THIS BEING.
OR AT LEAST HE TRIES.
MY SON...

I MUST EXPLAIN. YOU ARE A SON OF THE COSMOS. YOU ARE MORE THAN JUST YOURSELF, LOOK AT YOURSELF.
ARE YOU NOT DIFFERENT THAN YOU WERE BEFORE YOU SAW ME? YET I SAY THAT YOU ARE AS YOU ALWAYS WERE.
YOU HAVE LIVED MANY LIVES, MANY TIMES, AND YOU HAVE LEARNED MUCH IN THIS LIFE, AND EVEN MORE THIS DAY.
A PHASE OF YOUR LIFE IS NOW DONE, A NEW ERA BEGINS. WE ARE THE SAME, YOU AND I, IDENTICAL, SAVE FOR AGE.


AID THE PEOPLE, MY SON.
THIS YOU MUST DO, FOR I AM OLD, AND SOON MUST GO. AND MORE YET MUST BE DONE.
TRAVEL WITH WISDOM, MY SON. FOR TRULY ARE YE BORN..
TURUUL.

PG 63
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